'ARIZONA AXIS' JAMES R. HOOD

THE NATION

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ON POWER AS A DISEASE: The American Presidency / *Tristram Coffin*

A GREEK EDITOR SUMS UP
Thomas W. Pew, Jr.

BAD DAY IN MEMPHIS
Nicholas C. Chriss

LAND OF MILK AND MONEY
Frank Wright

POLITICS & THE BLACK NOVEL:
The Morality of Violence / *Jerry H. Bryant*

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LETTERS

facts on Chile

Santiago, Chile

DEAR SIRS: "Allende After a Year: Chile's Reasonable Revolution" by Jeff Radford [*The Nation*, Nov. 1] contains several misleading statements.

(*1*) The Popular Unity candidate did not lose out to the Christian Democratic candidate. There were, in fact, six candidates in the P.U. camp (one for each of the parties) and the total of their votes would have been a majority.

(*2*) Radford is correct in that copper revenues are down, but this is not entirely because of "higher production" costs. More than a year ago the world price for copper was averaging about $0.68 per lb.; it has since fallen to $0.46.

(*3*) He is also correct when he refers to a "sharp rise in imports (mainly foodstuffs . . .)" but leaves something to be added in suggesting this has resulted mainly from the agrarian reform. He himself mentioned the "tremendous increase" in purchasing power of the masses resulting from government policy, and so he must also realize that total demand has also increased as a result. . . .

(*4*) Anyone familiar with the Chilean labor movement should be aware that it is not about to be "unleashed" (where have I heard that term used before?) by anyone. What is taking place is a continuation of a process that started in the previous administration. *John A. Menz*

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

DEAR SIRS: Most of Mr. Menz's comments are valid, but of course reflect the writer's limitation of space and efforts at condensation. He is quite right on point 1.

(*2*) Copper revenues. The price of copper on the London market has, of course dropped from what it was during the peak years of the Frei government, but the point is that copper revenues are down from what they were even last year, by which time the price had already plunged. . . .

(*3*) Importation of foodstuffs. A study by Chile's Sociedad de Fomento Fabril indicates the increase in purchasing power did *not* greatly affect the purchase of foodstuffs. The extra escudos went primarily on appliances such as radios, refrigerators, blenders, etc. Minister of Economy Pedro Vuskovic admits, as official figures show, that the increase in imports is mostly for foodstuffs. There is absolutely no doubt but that the chaos in the countryside is the prime reason for shortages of food. . . .

(*4*) Labor. The Chilean labor movement, led by the Central Unica de Trabajadores, is and has been directed by Luis Figueroa, a Communist Party member who rigorously steers the Moscow line. However, now that a leftist regime is in power, there are signs that Figueroa does not have the control he once had. Members of the CUT are taking over factories not planned for expropriation or requisition.

Jeff Radford

selective conspiracy

Seattle, Wash.

DEAR SIRS: Like Mr. Davies ["Kent State: Citizens Battle for Justice," *The Nation*, Nov. 29], I am naive when it comes to institutions of justice. I have long wondered why the federal judiciary can expend so much effort to determine conspiracy where only an idea was expressed, yet cannot find grounds for a case when concrete events resulted from possible conspiracy. Contrast the Berrigans, et al., with the Ohio National Guardsmen. *Robert D. Haslach*

note

The editors regret that because of the pressure of printing deadlines, David Bromwich's review of John Hollander's *The Night Mirror* and D. J. Enright's *The Typewriter Revolution* [Dec. 6] went to press without substantial emendations desired by the author.

EDITORIALS

Late Show at the U.N.

The televised discussion in the Security Council on Sunday evening, December 5, of the tragic Pakistani-Indian war dramatically and painfully displayed the impotence of the United Nations to deal meaningfully with conflicts of this sort. Nevertheless the discussion was highly instructive. Indeed the telecast should be replayed again and again, in all major population centers, throughout the Third World and, one would hope without hope, in Russia and China. No written report could possibly convey the depth and quality of the hatred and fear which each of these great "Socialist" powers now feels toward the other.

Such vituperation has not echoed in the Security Council for some time. India and Pakistan occupied the sidelines and had little to say and not much chance to say it. A worldwide audience should be given the opportunity to view and listen to—and reflect on—this graphic demonstration of the virulence that prevails between China and Russia today, linked though they are alleged to be by fraternal Socialist ties and shared ideological convictions. To the Chinese, the Russians are "social imperialists" because of their harsh suppression of the liberties of the Czechs—an indictment that thoughtful men and women everywhere must concede—and their support of India. To the Russians, the Chinese are "traitors" because they support the brutal and stupid military regime in Islamabad that has subjected East Pakistan to continued colonial exploitation of the worst sort and would now put down, with military force, the legitimate claims of the East Pakistanis to a measure of self-government.

But in fact both the Soviets and the Chinese are using the occasion of the Pakistani-Indian conflict to play power politics with a ruthlessness and cynicism that earns for each the designation of "social imperialist." On the basis of the Security Council exchange, Third World countries will hardly find in either China or Russia a model of Socialist decorum. Any African, Latin American or Asian people who looked to either for leadership and guidance would deserve the fate that its "liberation" would entail. The existence of the United Nations, then, found justification only for the reason that it made possible this demonstration of how far short of the Socialist ideal both great powers fall.

But the non-Communist great powers did not set China and Russia a glorious example. Britain and France, whose spokesmen were reasonable and conciliatory, are as deeply involved in the background of the dispute as China and Russia. Both supplied India with arms, even as the United States was inflating the military ego of the West Pakistani regime. What is one to say of the hypocrisy of this Administration which, despite the record in Vietnam, including the stepped-up air attacks, has the audacity to charge India with being the aggressor in this conflict? And what can be said in defense of all those other U.N. members, the small as well as the great powers, who made no effort to stop a conflict which has been easily foreseeable since last March? Few of them have convincing alibis; most of them, in one way or another, are accomplices of the mischief-making great powers.

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It may have occurred to some of the millions who viewed the late-hour telecast of the Security Council debate that it took place on the eve of the thirtieth anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor, a circumstance that merely underscores the present disunity of the great powers that fought as allies to win World War II. Those who reflected on this sad circumstance may also have noticed that the two great powers least directly implicated in the Pakistani-Indian dispute are Germany and Japan, whose past infamy now belongs to history. And it may also have occurred to those conscious of the juxtaposition of events, that the day any war starts is a day of infamy.

Cheerful James

Last week, some self-styled conservatives, about a dozen of them, met to discuss whether or not they should run one of their persuasion against Mr. Nixon in 1972. William F. Buckley, Jr. was of course present, and, according to *The New York Times,* said later on *Firing Line* that the real purpose of the meeting was to remind the President that he has a "vast and slightly sullen constituency to his right." It may be difficult for less polarized citizens to imagine what view of the world is taken by people who declare themselves to the right of Mr. Nixon, but James Burnham, one of the ancestral voices of the new conservatism, who works as a columnist for Mr. Buckley's *National Review* and who was also at the meeting, wrote an opposite editorial piece recently for the *Times* that throws some light on that state of mind.

"I spent a month in Greece this autumn," Mr. Burnham begins, and he found it, he says, "cheerful, inefficient, impulsive, casual, talkative and rather anarchic." From this visit he draws the conclusion that the notion of Greece today as a Fascist police state is an illusion created by a disgruntled former elite now deprived of its power and privileges, by our idealistic view of Athens as the symbol of democracy, and by our employment of the colonels as "bad guys" on whom we can vent frustrations caused by our inability to deal with "grave and baffling problems that plague us" here at home. The military have not, Mr. Burnham concedes, provided Greece with a perfect democracy; he is willing to grant even that there has been some torture of dissenters, but he finds it extraordinary, "almost without parallel," that the colonels were able to seize the state "without any killings or even any shots."

Mr. Burnham boasts of the wide variety of people with whom he conversed ("from members of the government and our own Ambassador through businessmen and professors to village elders"—a true cross section), but presumably he did not chance to speak with Yannis Horn, editor of the English-language *Athens News,* whose adventures with the colonels on the matter of a typographical error are described by Thomas W. Pew, Jr. in this issue. In Mr. Burnham's words, Mr. Horn is both "impulsive" and "talkative"; what he has to say of life in Greece today is less cheerful than are the travel notes of the visiting conservative.

And surely Mr. Burnham would not have embarrassed his hosts by requesting an interview with Lady Amalia Fleming, who spent much of the autumn in a Greek prison. Lady Fleming is a Greek, who nonetheless was deported

IN THIS ISSUE

December 20, 1971

EDITORIALS

642

ARTICLES

646 "Arizona Axis": Taking Over the OEO — *James R. Hood*

649 The American Presidency: On Power as a Disease — *Tristram Coffin*

653 Bad Day in Memphis — *Nicholas C. Chriss*

654 "This Is Such a Farce!": A Greek Editor Sums Up — *Thomas W. Pew, Jr.*

657 Washington: Land of Milk and Money — *Frank Wright*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

660 Politics and the Black Novel — *Jerry H. Bryant*

661 Rachel (poem) — *Zona Silverstein*

662 Sheed: The Morning After — *Vivian Mercier*

663 The Border, The Abbess of Whitby, In the Police State (poems) — *Grace Schulman*

664 Art Books — *Lawrence Alloway*

668 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

669 Poaching (poem) — *Edward Harbin*

670 Music — *David Hamilton*

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against her will. On arriving in England, she wrote a two-part piece for *The Observer* (London). Lady Fleming is 59 years old and diabetic; she was locked up for thirty-one days in an unventilated cell of the Special Interrogation Center operated by the military police. At one point, she was permitted no water for twenty hours, a deprivation which, because of her disease, brought on an attack of bleeding. Guards banged on her cell at night to prevent her sleeping, she was forced to go to the lavatory under the observation of a young soldier, the major in charge of the prison broke in upon her at all hours to demand the names of persons with whom she was alleged to have plotted to release a political prisoner (Lady Fleming never denied her part in this plot), she was confronted by a team of interrogators who, day after day, subjected her to abuse, obscenity, threats and wild charges. She told them nothing and they kicked her out of her own country.

Mr. Burnham would probably say she was not tortured. Asked to define when torture begins, Lady Fleming replied: "When human dignity is crushed." So she and the spokesman for American conservatism would probably not agree on that point. But what interests us more at the moment is the behavior of the colonels when they had her in their grasp. She admitted her participation in an attempted jail break. That is a crime in any country, and any legitimate government would be justified in punishing it. But the colonels were not interested in punishing Lady Fleming—they wanted to break her or co-opt her. Their henchmen tried ruthlessly, at times almost hysterically, to make her implicate others; when that failed, they preposterously offered her a choice of ministries in the present government. When neither procedure worked, they expelled her. This, then, is a government that hounds an editor for a mechanical error and does not dare jail a guilty woman who bears a famous name. Clearly, it does not believe its own claim to be a legitimate government; it is vindictive, timid, cruel and petulant. But James Burnham admires it by comparison with the governments of Albania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Romania and Turkey, and says it runs a cheerful, if perhaps anarchic, country. If the conservatives ever came into power here, one may perhaps imagine how cheerfully they would rid us of our "grave and baffling problems."

The Butz Appointment

If President Nixon, having thrown the Democrats for a loss on the campaign-financing issue, had in an uncharacteristic burst of magnanimity wanted to give them a helping hand, he could not have done better than force the Senate to consent to the appointment of Earl Butz as Secretary of Agriculture. Dr. Butz barely squeezed through, 51 to 44, with the aid of a number of votes by Midwestern Democrats who, in the normal course of politics, would have been expected to oppose him. It may not be too cynical to suppose that the Democrats were content to have Nixon saddled with Butz in 1972. They could explain their votes by saying that they knew Butz would raise the price of corn, that he was no worse than Clifford Hardin, and that there was no hope that a big-business-minded President like Nixon would appoint a dirt farmer. Possibly sensing that Butz might become a liability in the farm states, Mr. Nixon had him sworn in at the White House only four hours after his confirmation.

There was never any doubt that Butz would come across with a boost in the corn price, thus affording temporary relief to those farmers who were hit by the glut that followed a record harvest. He had already declared in his personal lobbying campaign that the price of corn was too low, and committed himself to all good things: resuscitating the farm economy, saving the family farm from extinction, protecting the environment, and feeding the hungry. But especially he proposed to raise the price of corn —and Mr. Nixon made it plain that he wished to share the credit for that decision, had in fact initiated it. "You're going to do something about that tomorrow?" he asked as soon as Butz lifted his hand from the Bible. "Yes, I'm going to do something about it tomorrow," the new Secretary replied.

So that was settled, at least in principle. The government is buying corn. But the underlying malaise of the independent farmer remains untreated and, judging by Butz's connections and antecedents, will, if anything, get worse. What ails rural America is the spread of corporate farming—"agribusiness"—of which Butz is a leading symbol.

In the 1930s the public became aware that something ominous was happening in U.S. agriculture. The phrase then was "factories in the field"—large-scale farming using factory technology, notably in John Steinbeck's "grapes of wrath" country, the interior valleys of California. But that was only a beginning. Now the independent farmer faces the competition not only of large, well-capitalized corporations specializing in farming, but of giant conglomerates which smell out opportunities to make money by techniques that they have invented or adapted. Business empires such as Purex, United Brands, Tenneco, Gulf & Western, Penn Central, W. R. Grace, Del Monte, Getty Oil, Monsanto, Union Carbide, Kaiser Aluminum, Aetna Life, Boeing, Dow Chemical and American Cyanamid, to mention only a few of the most prominent, are getting into agriculture. Their operations add up to much more than factories in the field, or than anything heretofore experienced by the small farmer, or by even the farmer with sizable acreage.

A corporate empire does not need to own land; thus it may not figure in the statistics of 2,000 farm sales per *week* all across America. Instead, the farming subsidiary of a conglomerate may simply contract for crops: that method now accounts for about a fifth of the country's total agriculture output. Or the conglomerate may use a combination of methods. Tenneco Oil, for instance, according to B. Drummond Ayres, Jr. in the December 5 *New York Times*, owns and farms about 35,000 acres of Southern California's best crop land, leases 100,000 acres more, and contracts for the crops of dozens of other farms in its operating area. Tenneco has no monopoly on the vegetable market, but in lettuce, broilers, potatoes, etc., something close to oligopoly has already been achieved. Huge corporations, with their own capital and almost unlimited borrowing capacity, can fix farm prices, which may go down even as retail prices rise. Vertical integration is one of the factors which threaten the economic survival of the independent farmer. As Tenneco recently told its stockholders, the company's goal in agriculture is "integration from seedling to supermarket." They aim to own

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or control the country's farm produce all the way down and all the way up.

Secretary Butz is no stranger to these developments. He was Assistant Secretary of Agriculture under Ezra Taft Benson, whose name is still anathema among independent farmers. He ran the agricultural school at Purdue University while serving on the boards of Ralston Purina, Stokely-Van Camp, International Minerals and Chemicals, and J. I. Case. He found time to make more than 100 speeches a year, booked mostly through the General Motors Speakers' Bureau. He served on the boards of a number of agribusiness foundations, and his predecessor as Secretary did not have to go job hunting. He became vice chairman of Ralston Purina, a switch beneficial all around.

Whether it will benefit Mr. Nixon remains to be seen. The President is committed to the interests of big business in every field, evidently seeing that as the road to re-election, the voters being dazzled meanwhile by his foreign travels and TV appearances. If the farmers remain aggrieved, he may have overreached himself.

'The Dirty Little Secret'

John W. Gardner, chairman of Common Cause, recently used the phrase, but he was careful to qualify it as a secret that everyone knows. It is one of those flaws in practical democracy that are so inevitable that talking about them seems a waste of breath. Now, however, because of the campaign fund checkoff proposal, it has come to public attention, and while that will flag, campaign financing will never be quite the same again.

On the surface, the President won a political victory. By threatening to veto the tax bill if the checkoff proposal was included, he killed the scheme to put the debt-ridden Democrats on a more or less equal footing with the rich Republicans in 1972. A corollary issue is whether only rich men can afford to run for high public office. It should be noted, in this connection, that the Democratic plan was no panacea. It would not have helped Sen. Fred Harris, a highly desirable candidate who went broke even before the primaries. The measure the President killed, merely by shaking his fist, applied only to post-primary elections.

What has been gained by Mr. Nixon's public exhibition of gross unfairness is that now, more than ever, the Republicans are on record as the party of the rich. More important, the conflict between the President and Congress emphasizes the new dimension that campaign financing and political contributions in general have assumed in recent years. It has always been true that those whose financial interest necessitates influence with people who hold office, know that they must pay for it. But today you don't buy legislators as the railroad magnates did; there is now available a much nicer way to purchase influence. The campaign contribution is clean (in a sense) and, above all, safe. [See "Land of Milk and Money," p. 657 this issue.] It is not safe to bribe a public official; but it is all right to make a campaign contribution: who can prove that it was not an act of good will, even of patriotism? And if the successful candidate later rewards the giver, who can prove that he has been influenced by the help he received during the campaign? Maybe he really believed that his decision was for the good of the country.

What government can do is force *full disclosure* of campaign contributions; and then put teeth into the enforcement of such a measure. That being done, a voter would know who really has the inside track with his Senator or Representative, and to what extent. The teeth in such a measure could be provided by a forfeiture clause. The victor in a campaign would forfeit the office if it could be established in court that he had accepted and not reported any campaign contributions. The idea is not novel: California has a somewhat similar provision.

This could meet such situations as one which arose in the 1968 campaign. At least $25,000 and perhaps as much as $40,000 was involved in false listings on sworn statements filed with the clerk of the House. The names of Greek "donors" were used—but they did not give the money. Among the real donors were San Francisco's former Mayor George Christopher, an assistant Illionois attorney general, a worker who heads a society of immigrants from Spiro Agnew's ancestral home, et al. The full story was recounted in an article by James R. Polk in the Washington *Star*.

Although the checkoff went down to defeat, the situation is somewhat improved. Aside from the public attention it has received, there are features, such as the tax-credit deduction provision, the limitation on political advertising, and some tightening up on disclosure, which represent a degree of progress. It will not help the impecunious Democrats in the coming election but the long-term effects should be good. In time we may even have decently run elections.

After the Miracle

On his recent state visit to Washington, President Emilio Garrastazú Médici of Brazil was accorded a "warm welcome." This was an appropriate return for what Lincoln Gordon, a former U.S. Ambassador to Brazil, has described as the "warm welcome" that country extends "to those who contribute to national development goals and tolerance for others." One warm welcome deserves another. But who are these benefactors of Brazil? They are, in Mr. Gordon's candid words, foreign investors. Or, as the First National City Bank of New York puts it, "At a time when doors are closing to foreign investors and traders all over South America, Brazil has boldly staked its future on an open economy."

There is a resounding chorus to this effect, emanating from many quarters both in Brazil and the United States. Indeed, it cannot be denied that the eager hospitality of Brazil to foreign investors, particularly American, is in contrast to the harsh treatment of Anaconda Copper, etc., in Chile, where Fidel Castro was given a warm and lengthy welcome. Not unexpectedly, there were counter-demonstrations by dissident Chileans, immediately following a prediction by President Nixon's chief image maker that President Allende's days in office are numbered. However, this bleak forecast is only one side of the picture, as the rhapsodical views of Brazil are the opposite side. The truth is not only somewhere in between but is more complex than the average newspaper or news magazine reader is likely to realize.

There is an outburst of American-style consumer enjoy-

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ment in the cities of Brazil—new cars, television sets, refrigerators, beach buggies, Scotch whisky (not necessarily direct from Scotland) and all the other constituents of the good life. In following the American model, Brazil has far outdistanced its mentor. For the last three years, the annual economic growth rate is officially stated as approaching 9 per cent. A commentator reporting from Sao Paulo notes that this explosion of prosperity has been referred to as the "Brazilian Miracle." As one would expect, for the present it is confined to the cities; indeed, to parts of the cities—one would be surprised to learn that the sub-slums of Rio de Janeiro are sharing in the miracle. The government is said to be planning to push the miracle outward from the good urban neighborhoods, and eventually to raise the standard of living of the whole country. How long is "eventually"? That they don't say and sometimes "eventually" never arrives.

Some will cavil at certain current aspects of the Brazilian miracle, which are not publicized in Washington and Sao Paulo, but news of which filters through to the outside world. If well-to-do Brazilians are to enjoy their miracle, order is necessary, and in Brazil order is maintained by government decree and torture. Torture is an unpleasant subject and, by a quiet convention, it has been generally dropped from the political vocabulary, and not only in Brazil. There is no torture in Greece either; on his recent visit, Vice President Agnew saw none, and praised everything he did see. The British have assured us that their opposition troops practiced no torture in Northern Ireland. Torture is a kind of political surgery, performed without anesthesia, necessary but not to be mentioned in diplomatic salons.

For those Brazilians who are enjoying American-style affluence, a friendly warning may nevertheless be in order. Where economic miracles occur, those who are living high on the hog would do well to remember that material joys are necessarily evanescent for the individual, and experience teaches that nations are in much the same case. There was a German miracle too, and a Japanese one; neither ended in collapse, but Latin America is more volatile. The post-World War II Germans and Japanese did not resort to, ah, torture. Latin America as a whole is not convinced that national fulfillment can be achieved by the American political route. It sees Vietnam, and much else that leads it to suspect that miracles are booby-trapped. Canada is likewise apprehensive; it has been estimated that Canada may have only another twenty years left before it is virtually taken over by the United States, and the Canadians don't like the prospect. Prime Minister Trudeau recently said as much to President Nixon. Trudeau did not seem completely convinced by the President's assurances. Brazilian intellectuals should be similarly skeptical. If they look ahead, they may spot the land mines on their path to affluence.

'ARIZONA AXIS'

TAKING OVER THE OEO

JAMES R. HOOD
Mr. Hood is a reporter for the all-news radio station KPHO, Phoenix, and a contributor to New Times, *also of Phoenix.*

Phoenix, Ariz.

Columnist Marquis Childs complained recently that the "Arizona Axis," of which Senator Goldwater is the senior member, was again coming into power nationally. His immediate reference was to Supreme Court nominee William Rehnquist, a Phoenix attorney who is only one of many Arizona conservatives now in powerful government positions. But aside from its influence in Washington, the Arizona Axis is a group worth watching at home, for what occurs in Arizona has a way of emerging later on a national level.

Arizona conservatives are currently seeking to insure self-determination and local control by centralizing fiscal authority in the hands of state government, more particularly in the hands of Gov. Jack Williams, who seems bothered by his inability to channel much of the $1.8 billion which flow every year into Arizona from federal coffers.

A pet project of the Governor has been a so-called reorganization program, which would purportedly make government more "efficient" by increasing its power over local and county governing units. The Governor is at present involved in taking over the authority for designating Community Action Agencies, deciding their activities and funding, and shifting actual direction of much of the anti-poverty effort from the traditional community and neighborhood boards to himself and state bureaucrats —who presumably are not poor and should thus be able to handle the anti-poverty programs more "efficiently." In other words, the Governor is out to wrest control of Office of Economic Opportunity programs and similar projects from those for whom they are intended.

This is Governor Williams' second attempt to grab the Community Action Agencies (CAAs), many of which have been a nuisance to the Phoenix Republican establishment. In 1967, he issued an executive order declaring his office to be the sole agency authorized to receive and distribute anti-poverty funds, but the Arizona Supreme Court rather forthrightly ruled that the Governor lacked the legal authority to do so. Atty. Gen. Darrell F. Smith told Governor Williams that the decision had gone against him apparently because he had failed to create an agency (other than his own office) to pre-empt the power of existing anti-poverty agencies.

Williams has now remedied that oversight by creating the Department of Economic Planning and Development, affectionately known as DEPAD. The agency, one of several devised as part of the state's "reorganization" pro-

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gram, has attracted little attention. Some legislators shrugged and admitted they didn't quite understand what DEPAD was supposed to do.

Now they know. One of the new department's missions became evident last August, when state OEO Director Adolph Echeveste summoned the directors of the state's Community Action Agencies, and informed them bluntly that Governor Williams now had the power to remap the existing CAA boundaries—and that he intended to do so. The only areas not directly involved were those of metropolitan Phoenix and Tucson, and the huge Navajo Indian Reservation, all of which are large enough to deal directly with OEO without state interference.

Arizona qualifies as a seriously "impacted" state, but because the state capitol is also in the principal city, Phoenicians and their news media seldom pay much attention to events in what some still call "The Territory," meaning the rural counties. Thus the Governor's action caused little stir. Only David V. Leuser, editor of the crusading but tiny *Voice of the City*, immediately saw the ramifications of the move. He labeled the scheme a "power grab," but even then there was little outcry from the popular press.

Thus the Governor was able to proceed at full speed in his attempt to eliminate the many thorns with which the CAAs have pricked him in the past. He worked to establish a power of absolute veto over the more than 1,000 different anti-poverty programs operating in Arizona. One of them is Legal Aid.

Earlier this year, Williams tried to veto funds for the Maricopa County (Phoenix) Legal Aid Society, which he publicly accused of "harassing" his State Welfare Department. Legal Aid had been showering the courts with suits aimed at forcing that recalcitrant department to live up to its responsibilities by improving the state's allegedly disgraceful surplus commodities program—or, better yet, by switching to food stamps. Legal Aid brought to the front pages the news that the department had the previous year returned unspent some $330,000 which had been allocated by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare for the specific purpose of upgrading the commodities program, both in quality and variety of food offered and in the method of delivery. Recipients have told of routinely standing in the snow or blazing desert sun for hours to receive their monthly quota of four or five commodities.

Williams' veto failed when it was overridden by federal OEO officials. It was a rebuke he has not forgotten, and under his newly designed plan, such renegade agencies should be more easily dealt with, certainly will be if the DEPAD scheme works.

However, enactment of the new boundaries and controls could not be accomplished by a stroke of the Governor's pen. Williams was told that to comply with federal regulations he would have to hold public hearings around the state before formally reshaping OEO into his own image. In Arizona, public hearings seldom have much effect on state government, which rolls smoothly along from the capitol, conveniently insulated in Phoenix's downtown area, from any significant point of view other than the Chamber of Commerce boosterism which permeates this creeping metropolis.

Wetzel

The first hearing was held in the small northwestern Arizona town of Kingman, which Williams wants to split away from its northern neighbors and tack onto the populous Yuma County area. Fireworks erupted in Kingman when Arizona OEO Director Echeveste tried to persuade the local crowd that the Governor was doing only what he was being "forced" to do by the federal bureaucracy. Quickly contradicting Echeveste, a regional OEO representative, Tom Monpere, correctly pointed out that the Governor was in no way obliged to gerrymander the state's anti-poverty agencies. Echeveste, theoretically the impartial hearing officer, lost his temper, shouted Monpere to silence and told him, "I'm requesting you be pulled out of Arizona." Monpere soon found himself back in San Francisco.

Echeveste's temper flared again in Nogales, a Santa Cruz County town of about 10,000 on the Mexican border. There Hector Morales, director of the Pima-Santa Cruz County Committee on Economic Opportunity, began arguing against the reorganization. He mentioned a "credibility gap" between the Governor and the people of Arizona, which so angered Echeveste that he switched off Morales' microphone, thereby removing his further comments from the transcript, the reading of which was the supposed purpose of holding the hearing in the first place.

As at most of the hearings, public reaction in Nogales was denunciatory. Attorney John Tull called the proposed

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reorganization "a plan to completely discourage community involvement in anti-poverty programs," while poverty worker Ben Teyechea protested any move to weaken the Pima-Santa Cruz relationship. "All our ties are with Pima County." School board Chairman Abe Hughes fumed: "It is our people that are being manipulated. The OEO programs have done much. I urge the Governor to reconsider so they will not be destroyed."

But the complaints constituted what Arizonans call spitting into the wind. At each hearing, Echeveste made it clear that the Governor had already made his decision. He readily admitted that the only reason for bothering with the hearings was to satisfy OEO regulations. As far as is known, the Governor has not taken the time to listen to the tapes or to read the transcripts of any of the hearings.

The last hearing of the series was the most heated. It was held in Tucson, Arizona's most liberal city. Through what some generously called bad planning, the Tucson hearing had first been scheduled for the same day that voters were to go to the polls in a hotly contested city election. The "error" was corrected and the hearing delayed two weeks.

In Tucson, Pima Welfare Rights Chairman John Heard accused the Governor of "duping the people," and Chicano activist Sol Baldenegro, just defeated in his bid for the city council, charged that "If the governor had his way, he would keep us poor." A priest called the move "a flagrant example of elitist planning."

It is difficult to find anyone outside the Phoenix Republican establishment who likes the plan. "We'll just be hind tit to Yuma County," said Mohave County Supervisor Ben Gilpin, complaining bitterly of the Governor's intention to remove his northwestern county from NADEC (Northern Arizona Development Council) and annex it to Yuma.

Gilpin and other county officials and anti-poverty workers in Arizona's five northernmost counties, all Democratically inclined, established NADEC several years ago so they could speak with a louder voice to Phoenix and Washington. The alliance has been harmonious and effective, since each county is roughly the same size and all have similar socio-economic interests.

"It'll be different with Yuma County," Gilpin fears. "We're mostly recreation and tourism up here, but Yuma is just about all agriculture." He might have added that Yuma County is an important Republican area and is relatively populous. Its chances of completely swallowing Mohave appear good.

"He's being very arbitrary about it," says Gilpin of the Governor. "We had a show of hands at the hearing they had up here, and 140 people wanted to stay with NADEC. Not one raised his hand to go with Yuma County." Gilpin says it's taken years to make NADEC an efficient and smoothly functioning organization. "And I sure don't want to go through all that again."

Anti-poverty programs are, to be sure, no small plum in Arizona, but there are many who speculate that the Governor is setting up the machinery to take over not only OEO but *all* federal funds, when and if federal-state revenue sharing becomes a reality. Among them is Hector Morales, director of Pima-Santa Cruz's two-county program.

Morales notes first that there are some immediate benefits, not the least of which is "keeping the machine oiled." Even if DEPAD can do no more than get its hands on OEO funds, that will constitute many thousands of jobs, contracts and other politically handy gratuities. "It's partisan politics, very simply," says Morales, adding that no party should "have as much power as they're trying to seize here.

"We're still going down the road of state domination in Arizona, with Phoenix controlling more and more of the rest of the state," says Morales, pointing out that any move which increases the "clout" of the Governor is bound to decrease that of someone else—in this case, that of the poor people of Arizona, for whom anti-poverty programs have been one of the few areas in which they've ever had any say. "It's the poor who suffer under any machine," Morales complains. "They're always the ones who are used, and this machine is very detrimental to the poor indeed."

For one thing, the new project seems to prove exactly what conservatives have always said—that centralization of control is more expensive, not less expensive, than local control. For example, the state's seizure of Manpower Training Programs in rural areas will require some sort of central administration in Phoenix. Federal OEO officials warn there'll be no additional money to pay for the new layer of bureaucracy, even though state officials are proudly estimating that it will cost some $100,000 to administer the program "properly."

Where will the additional $100,000 come from? Morales has no doubt that it will come from existing Manpower Training budgets—from the operating resources of centers that are trying to provide a few useful courses for Arizona's underemployed and overexploited farm laborers, Indians and obsolete cowboys.

A Nogales city councilman calls it "taking more money away from us so they can dominate us better." An angry northern Arizona official vowed, "If we had a harbor in this damned state it would have been filled up with tea long ago."

But perhaps even more important than loss of funds for local projects is the loss of citizen participation in the anti-poverty programs. "Citizen input is the very basic requirement for participatory democracy, which is what we've been trying to do here," Hector Morales commented. "It's totally contrary to all the established OEO principles. When conservatives talk about reducing federal control, what they really mean is increasing state control. What they want to do is trade one dictator for another."

Morales is among those who are firmly convinced that local participation will be dead if the Governor has his way—a supposition that surprises no one familiar with the brand of Republicanism practiced in Arizona. A good example of what Morales calls the state's "exercising dictatorial control over something that should be done at the local level" is the Food Stamp program in Pima County —one of the few counties which has had the program on an "experimental" basis; most others had to put up with the inadequate surplus commodities handouts.

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It seems that Morales had made arrangements for simplifying the Food Stamp distribution program by using a small van capable of traveling into neighborhoods and rural areas, seeking out needy persons and issuing their food stamps on the spot, thus saving the weeks necessary to handle the procedure by mail.

The van—fully equipped—would cost about $20,000. Morales persuaded a local bank to foot the bill in the interests of community relations. "We offered it to Phoenix on a platter," Morales recalls, "but they rejected it and said they didn't need the van and didn't want it or the money—or my advice, either."

NADEC Director Leon Berger calls the Governor's revised districts an "edict." He and Morales are both not only faced with the hand of the Governor, reaching into every decision, but also must cope with the district revisions which are hampering their planning for the next fiscal year. Berger's five-county NADEC is losing Mohave, while Morales is gaining three counties.

The chances for drawing up realistic budgets and somehow providing effective feedback and local control in regions which, they say, are no longer economically or socially homogeneous are doubtful. Berger is frankly befuddled. "If we don't go along with it, don't accept the new planning regions, he can veto the funds for an entire program, an entire county, or an entire Community Action Agency."

Berger has been counseling his citizens' and parents' boards to issue letters immediately declaring themselves the sole representative bodies for the programs involved. "Even if what we want to do in a specific program is the same thing the Governor wants, we should issue our plans first, just to try to maintain some semblance of control," he told a Headstart Parents' Council in Flagstaff recently.

"We have to respond to the Governor's edict," Berger admits, "but I'm not sure what effect it will have. If we accept the new structure, we accept the Governor's authority. If we reject it, he may get angry enough to start vetoing funds. Only one thing's sure: he won't change the districts."

Arizona is thus on the brink of several major "achievements"—winning firm control over all anti-poverty programs, creating an important new source of revenue for patronage, gaining new ways to punish upstarts or Democrats or both, and perhaps paving the way for total control of all federal funds in an eventual revenue-sharing program.

The move may well have more than local significance. The disproportionate influence of Arizona, a small state electorally, has been noted. If the Governor's plan works —and there is no reason why it should not—one may expect similar take-overs in other states where local control is assumed to mean state control. □

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY

ON POWER AS A DISEASE

TRISTRAM COFFIN
Mr. Coffin, editor of the newsletter Washington Watch, *is currently at work on a study of the Presidency.*

Washington

The American President, no matter how fine a fellow he may be personally, is a hydra-headed monster. The job is too big, too complex, too spiked with responsibility for any one human being. It is small wonder that Presidents hide out in pomp, fantasy, the Burning Tree golf course, or Key Biscayne. That may be the only way to endure the job.

The President must be:

¶*Commander in Chief of the "Free World."* Amaury de Riencourt writes in *The Coming Caesars*:

> Today, one man is directly in command, either as peacetime President or wartime Commander in Chief, of more than half the world's economic and technical power. Along the militarized borders of the Western world, he is in full control as Augustus and the Roman emperors after him were in full control of the limes. . . . He is the only statesman of the Western world who can make decisions alone in an emergency. He is in control of a de facto empire into which the scattered fragments of the dissolving British Commonwealth are gradually being merged. Everywhere, on the European continent, in the Western hemisphere, and in the Far East, he can make the weight of his incalculable power felt with immediate and crushing speed.

It might be pointed out, no one elected the American Chief Executive to this job. When the President made a recent grand pronouncement, the French journal, *Combat,* demanded: "Who authorized Mr. Nixon to speak in behalf of our planet?"

The United States bought and paid for the job. No other country was willing to spend so much money, energy and lives to save the world from the heathens. America was taking up, a little less mystically, where Nazi Germany had left off—saving the world for the superrace. The same superman, racial nonsense runs through the Manifest Destiny and Hitler's ravings. The economic cost is fairly steep—$15 billion annually in economic and military aid, $14 billion to maintain forces in NATO, $21 billion to $25 billion for the nuclear umbrella for NATO, and up to $20 billion for the war in Indochina.

It hardly seems a desirable role, yet every President in the cold-war era, except General Eisenhower, took to it enthusiastically. They spent most of their time with generals, poring over maps and strategies; and they tended to lose sight of such mundane matters as schools, housing and the environment. There must be a sense of

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exhilaration in this exercise, for when the American President retires and goes home, the photographs he hangs in his study are of himself surrounded by beribboned officers.

¶*General Manager of the Federal Government.* This most titanic operation ever envisioned involves itself in every activity known to man. It is even the landlord of bawdy houses in Nevada. No one any longer pretends that the megastate can be run efficiently or humanely, that the mail will arrive on time or the lowly citizen's voice be heard. The megastate is a wasteland of bureaucratic rulers, forms and petty despots.

The departments are huge, unmanageable empires, often at odds with one another. The Department of Agriculture pays $2 billion a year to farmers not to produce more crops. The Department of the Interior spends billions to irrigate new farmlands to grow more food and fiber.

Presidents do not enjoy the housekeeping chore. They turn it over to cronies, political allies, ex-Congressmen, professional bureaucratic managers and big-business governors. When the populace cries out, the President names a commission whose solemn duty it is to file a report.

¶*Manipulator of the Legislative Process.* The major spectator sport in Washington is the tug of war between the White House and the Capitol. It is no longer a fair game, for the President has too much weight on his side —the unestimated boodle of federal contracts that he passes out like an ancient Oriental pasha, the party political machinery, the control over a series of agencies which in turn oversee radio-TV, transportation, food and drugs, taxes and export licenses. The Congress, in a supplicating role, can hardly rise from its bended knee to fight off Presidential fiat.

¶*Economic Czar.* We no longer indulge in the fancy that ours is a free economy; it is politically called a "managed economy," with the government at the controls. Taxes, government spending, controls, priorities are jiggled about, and the effect of this jiggling reaches far beyond America. When we spent, largely for military operations, more overseas than we took in, the world's monetary system was inflated with cheap dollars it could not digest, and a global recession seemed inevitable.

Since few Presidents know anything about economics, they turn its intricacies over to a succession of advisers, whom they switch about when the going gets rough. The only part of this job the President really handles is the exuding of confidence, the belief being that if the Chief Executive says business is good, people will raid their piggy banks.

¶*Master Politician.* Every President wants to be reelected. He watches the voters out of the corner of his eye, and hustles his aides to produce tricks to entertain and win the favor of the electorate. Nixon, a master of the staged act, thought the Cuban missile crisis was a superjob. It had everything—the good guys versus the bad, danger, suspense and a happy ending.

¶*Great Oracle of the Temple of Washington.* The American people, with their religious fundamentalist background, are believed to yearn for an authoritarian, Jehovah-like figure, and the more so since religion has lost its hell-fire punch. The President is peculiarly well situated to play this part. He has power to reward or destroy. He is the leader of a chosen people, the children of Manifest Destiny. He appears in the newspapers and on TV, exhorting, condemning, praising, reassuring, and waving the flag. He is Moses in a gray flannel suit and striped tie.

This is a role to tempt any mortal, but Presidents forget that the worshippers want something more than words. If deeds are not forthcoming, their adoration curdles.

¶*Ceremonial Head of State.* It lacks a crowned head, but the most powerful nation in history does not forgo pageantry—twenty-one-gun salutes, *Hail to the Chief,* formal White House dinners that rival such splendid hosts as the former Kings of Egypt and Saudi Arabia, rose garden receptions for Miss America, and levees for visiting monarchs.

Presidents when rebuffed seem to retreat into this sanctuary, far from the shrieks and groans of the people. When union labor chiefs laughed at President Nixon, he rushed back from Florida to Washington, without advance notice, and appeared at a ballet performance at Kennedy Center, to receive the adoration of the court and to shake hands with everyone he could touch.

The office is now so powerful that the President can have his own wars, without even consulting Congress; tell that body he will "ignore" its policy guidelines, refuse to abide by its appropriations, and give orders for the arrest of thousands of unarmed demonstrators.

That certainly was not the idea of the men who wrote the Constitution. They thought they had established a general manager, who could get his policy from the Senate (a board of directors) and the House (the stockholders). Alexander Hamilton warned of "avarice" and "ambition" in a President and commented: "The history of human conduct does not warrant that exalted opinion of human virtue which would make it wise to commit interests of so delicate and momentous a kind, as those which concern its intercourse with the rest of the world, to the sole disposal of a magistrate created and circumstanced as would be a President of the United States." And Hamilton in his day was the warmest advocate of a strong Presidency.

The Constitution gave Congress specific powers—over foreign policy, the military, appropriations, taxes, even appointments. Hamilton wrote: "The ordinary power of appointment is confined to the President and the Senate *jointly.*" The President was supposed to come before the Senate and secure its "advice and consent" before undertaking any major acts or policy changes or appointments. Apparently, the authors of the Constitution saw the Chief Executive actually appearing in person before the Senate. George Washington did so once, but was so miffed by the questions and lack of respect for his position that he never returned.

Over the years, and particularly during and since World War II, Congress has turned over to the President almost all the authority granted it by the Constitution. The unique quality of American democracy—independent parliament—has all but been destroyed. The adversary relationship designed in the Constitution has been abandoned under the guise of "bipartisan foreign policy" and the "consensus." In this withering-away process,

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political opposition has also died, so that there is little difference between Democrats and Republicans on Capitol Hill. Lyndon Johnson was President Eisenhower's chief Congressional bullwhip artist, and Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and Speaker Carl Albert have become Nixon proconsuls.

The fears of the authors of the Constitution have been justified. Hamilton commented on the "temptations" of power "which it would require superlative virtue to withstand." John Jay wrote: "Absolute monarchs will often make war when their nations are to get nothing by it, but for purposes and objects purely personal, such as a thirst for military glory, revenge for personal affronts,

ambition, or private compacts to aggrandize or support their particular families or partisans. There are a variety of other motives which affect only the mind of the sovereign; often lead him to engage in wars not justified by justice or the voice and interests of his people. . . ."

The problem, as Hamilton so well understood, is that the President is a mere human being, for whom power can become as crippling a disease as schizophrenia. The insanity of Presidents is not often mentioned publicly, although it is a subject of pressroom and cocktail gossip. But George E. Reedy, the former LBJ aide, said in *The Twilight of the Presidency*: "The problem of the unbalanced President is on the mind of every close observer of the political process. . . . It is certain that whatever neurotic drive a President takes with him into the White House will be fostered and enhanced during his occupancy."

Not only does the President have unparalleled power; he operates in an isolation that is almost bound to create fantasy. He is surrounded by regal pomp not seen since the Middle Ages. His assistants vie with one another to make "the old man" feel happy and thus grateful to them, for in this way they can steal a little of his power.

His aides screen out soreheads and dissenters. President Kennedy's conferences on the Bay of Pigs were stacked with yes men, perhaps without his being really aware of the imbalance. When Senator Fulbright, an old friend of Johnson, criticized his policies in Latin America and Asia, he was no longer invited to the White House for chummy talks. Nixon threw out his Secretary of the Interior when he begged the Chief to listen to the young people. Neither Johnson nor Nixon made any effort to understand the revolt of youth. Indeed, Nixon called them "bums" and contented himself with the fiction that "Middle America," a term made up by his speech writers, was the vast majority of people and that they loved him.

The President operates behind a cloud of secrecy which neither the press nor Congress penetrates. Sen. Sam J. Ervin, Jr. chairman of the subcommittee on Separation of Powers, says: "The affairs of the executive branch are hidden from the scrutiny of Congress and the American people." Henry Steele Commager writes of "a concerted campaign to deny the American people the knowledge about the operation of their Government so essential to the sound functioning of a democracy."

The President exercises "executive privilege" and refuses to send his assistants to Congress to be questioned on high policy. Ervin comments: "They will not produce Army generals to testify about Army surveillance. . . . They will not produce Dr. Kissinger to talk about foreign policy. . . . They will not produce State Department plans which explain our foreign policy."

The White House keeps the press at a distance. Gone are the large televised press conferences, where any question could be asked. This was dumped by President Johnson and an even more stultifying process has been introduced by Nixon. Instead of the regular weekly press conference, the President appears without advance warning, to make announcements before the captive White House press corps. White House reporters are like poor relatives dependent on the largesse of the rich uncle. If they are alertly critical, their sources dry up, the White House complains to editors, and FBI investigations are ordered.

When Washington is too much for him, the President boards his jet and flies to a secluded resort where, with old cronies, he plays golf, bridge or poker, and hears no harsh voices. As Reedy warned, "The most important, and least examined, problem of the Presidency is that of maintaining contact with reality."

It is very difficult, under these circumstances, for a President not to conclude that he is indeed a rare bird with special gifts. Even so chastened a man as Harry

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Truman soon became as cocky as a spring robin. In the early days, Truman confessed to James Farley, "I didn't want to be President. I wouldn't have accepted the nomination if I had thought Mr. Roosevelt was going to die. I don't want the nomination in 1948. I want to go back to the Senate. That's where I belong."

Within a few months, Truman had completely reversed the Roosevelt foreign policy, dropped the atom bomb, fired an FDR favorite from the Cabinet, and in 1948 ran for re-election like a fire engine responding to a four-alarm.

One leavening factor should be the voters. But how does that incoherent voice reach the White House? Actually, the President develops a curious concept of the public, thanks largely to the electronic media. It is a dumb animal which can be conditioned to react like Pavlov's dogs. The "motivation" experts assure the President that, treated to a little makeup, a "sincere" look, low voice, familiar clichés, the public will buy him lock, stock and barrel. Humbug is the regular currency of the White House in modern times. Johnson discovered at the last moment, after the New Hampshire primary, that it did not work. Nixon obviously was startled by public reaction to the Cambodian invasion.

The probability that a President will make mistakes, even hideous ones, is high. No one is checking on him. Congressional investigations come after the deed. Unlike the parliamentary system, the President need not answer for his errors in a public forum. The information and intelligence given him are often false. The CIA assured Kennedy that the Cubans would rise up and overthrow Castro when the *émigré* army hit the beaches, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff told him that the invasion was entirely "feasible" as a military operation. One sane voice from the outside, that of Senator Fulbright, told Kennedy his advice was idiotic, but by then the plan was too far advanced to be canceled. Johnson was told by the military just before the Tet offensive that "captured enemy documents" showed that Hanoi and the NLF were at the point of collapse. Nixon was informed of a huge and vital enemy headquarters in Cambodia that could be seized for the asking. All of this was nonsense.

The problem of getting information to the President is that it is screened so many times before it reaches him, and is prepared to suit his fancy. Intelligence people on the ground floor are often astonished to read or hear how their reports have been distorted at the high levels. Living in a closed court, the President finds it hard to distinguish between national welfare and his own vanity and ambition. The lines blur. Lyndon Johnson, supposedly one of the shrewdest politicians ever to come down Pennsylvania Avenue, turned Vietnam into a major war, against the advice of CIA reports and a part of the Pentagon. He was obsessed by the thought that *he was not going to be driven out of Vietnam with* "my tail between my legs." Gloria Steinem refers to "the system of value and behavior known as the Masculine Mystique. . . . Peace at any price is humiliation, but victory at any price—even genocide in Indochina and chaos at home—is quite all right."

Congress has only two instruments, both difficult to wield and time-consuming, by which to restrain a President. The first is the power of appropriation—it can refuse to spend money for a war. But that is a two-edged sword. The President can refuse to allocate funds for their pet projects and private boodle. Beyond closing the purse, Congress can have the President impeached, but the process is so complex, so lengthy, that it is almost impossible to carry out.

There must be a remedy, and indeed it can be found in the deliberations of the Constitutional Convention. Madison wrote, "Ambition must be made to counteract ambition. . . . It may be a reflection on human nature that such devices should be necessary to control the abuses of government. But what is government itself, but the greatest of all reflections on human nature? If men were angels, no government would be necessary."

The President must be confronted regularly with doubt and suspicion and required to seek the advice and consent of the legislative body. There is at present no device to enforce this discipline. Congress is obviously too large for the job. A new agency to span the gulf between Capitol Hill and the White House must be created.

It might be a legislative council of six members, drawn equally from the two houses and favoring the majority party in Congress. It would be chosen by secret ballot, with the stipulation that at least one member from each body should be a freshman, to encourage fresh viewpoints.

The President would be required to meet with the council every week, unless he were ill or out of the country. As a symbolic act, the meetings would take place in the Capitol. The President would be required to ask the advice of the council on all major acts and policies, and to answer its questions truthfully. The council would report to Congress and discuss issues raised at its meetings in open debate. The council, or any member, would have access to the media to publicize matters of public concern or to criticize Presidential actions.

The President would be required to send officials of his administration, including members of his personal staff, to testify before appropriate committees of Congress. The custom of "executive privilege" would be dropped. Obviously, a system is crazy which sends a nun to jail for refusing to testify before a grand jury on

STAMPS, PLEASE

The masthead of *The Nation*, as of most publications, carries an admonition that the editors will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, unless these are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

But—as with most publications, no doubt—the warning has been ignored more often than not, and we, ignoring it ourselves, have gone on returning manuscripts at our own expense.

Now the sharp increase in postal rates compels us to repeat and emphasize the admonition: *Unsolicited manuscripts will NOT—repeat NOT—be returned unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.*

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relatively minor matters, and allows a President to defy Congressional demands for information on major policy. Any official who refused to appear could be held in contempt of Congress.

All executive agreements with any foreign governments would be submitted to the Senate for confirmation by a two-thirds majority. As it is, Secretaries of State and even Vice Presidents make commitments, without the knowledge or consent of Congress. Agnew assured the Greek dictatorship that the United States would arm and support it.

Either house of Congress could vote a motion of "no confidence" in the President on any specific act or policy. After Nixon's invasion of Cambodia, for example, Congress might have passed such a motion. This would serve to deter Presidents, for they would not want to face voters with a "no confidence" motion hanging over them.

These reforms would not bring the millennium, but they would let some air and light into the closed cell of the Presidency and rescue the Chief Executive from his own isolation and vanity. □

BAD DAY IN MEMPHIS

NICHOLAS C. CHRISS
Mr. Chriss is Houston bureau chief of the Los Angeles Times.

Memphis

With its thriving economy, gleaming medical center, soaring modern buildings and spacious park lands, Memphis, Tenn. is another jewel in the diadem of the New South. Or so it seems. Success can be felt on all sides. The city has grown so fast that the new airport is being expanded even before the paint is dry. Almost everything seems to be new in Memphis, including much of its downtown. New skyscrapers; new young executives from the East; new liquor laws; new businesses.

But Memphis, for a variety of reasons—one being the Mayor who is now going out of office—has never been able to cope with its racial problems as well as have the other jewels in the diadem. Many white businessmen here see race as the city's biggest problem.

The incident of October 15 did not help matters. Involved now with a falsified police report, the death of a black teen-age boy and smoldering racial hostility, Memphis can hardly look forward to a Merry Christmas or a serene New Year.

A persistent streak of old-time, Deep South redneckism runs through new and thriving Memphis. There are more churches than gasoline stations in the city, but Memphis is no longer the largest mule market in the world. It has survived the 1968 assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., but Mayor Henry Loeb did not attend a ceremony honoring King on the third anniversary of his death at which a 12-mile stretch of freeway was named for King. (The city has named other stretches of freeway for Danny Thomas and Elvis Presley.) The Memphis unit of the Sons of the Confederacy objected to the name of the King stretch, stating that they thought it should be called "Confederate Parkway."

Memphis is the only major Southern city this year to have a major racial incident. It began on October 15 when Elton Hayes, 17, was beaten to death. Two other black youths, George Barnes, 15, and Calvin McKissack, 14, were also beaten. At the heart of the incident is a police report which the county medical examiner and the attorney general of the district say was falsified. Since then, thirty-one police officers have been relieved of duty—but with no loss of pay—as the result of an investigation into Hayes's death. These include two inspectors, a captain, two lieutenants, a reserve officer and seventeen patrolmen.

Earlier on October 15, the Barnes boy borrowed his father's pickup truck and took his friends Hayes and McKissack on a joy ride which, if the police can be believed, hit 100 miles an hour in places and came to a stop at a roadblock out in the country. Shortly after Hayes's death, the medical examiner said the youth had not died of injuries suffered in a truck wreck, as stated by the police, but rather of "two primary blows" to the head. Also shortly after the death, police notified Barnes's father that his truck had been wrecked, but soon thereafter it was found in a police parking lot, apparently unscathed.

Barnes recalls grabbing the emergency brake when he saw the police roadblock, and then in the deadly silence of the few seconds that followed, saying to his two friends: "Get ready to take a beating or get killed." A portion of the original police report states: "It is believed that Elton Hayes was thrown from the vehicle on impact. The other two subjects jumped from the vehicle and tried to flee, but were caught and subdued."

Within minutes after young Barnes halted the truck, at least thirty-seven police officers showed up at the barricade, including one who thumbed a ride with a civilian after his car struck a highway divider during the chase. The initial police suspensions hit twenty-three officers, but since then more have volunteered that they were there, or the investigation has uncovered their presence. It seems odd that the three youths would have tried to "flee" with more than thirty policemen piling in around the barricade.

An investigation by district Atty. Gen. Phil M. Canale turned up 250 pieces of evidence. Canale took no chances with this evidence; he placed it in a panel truck, put two men in charge of it and told them to drive straight through to the FBI crime laboratory in Washington, D.C. But before sending the truck on its way, he dispatched a decoy truck, to flush out anyone who might have a mind to hijack the evidence.

This evidence included guns, belts and billy clubs taken from officers at the scene, as well as soil samples, and blood samples, and the seat from the Barnes truck.

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The door bore blood from Barnes's head, where he said officers had slammed him fifteen times.

In a sworn statement Barnes said later: "They were hitting me in the head and most of the time, 'til I grabbed my head; I moved my head and they hit my leg and arm."

At one point, Barnes said, he came to and found a deputy's boot on his head. "I'll never forget that man in a thousand years," he said. Barnes said the foot belonged to Lieut. Theodore R. Wilks, the highest ranking officer at the scene, and a black man. Wilks reportedly obtained an ambulance for the youths. He has refused to talk publicly about the incident and his role is unclear.

Canale has said he expects to file one, two, or maybe more charges with a grand jury to seek indictments. He has not heard from the FBI crime laboratory yet, and the occasional discovery of another officer who was at the scene has slowed his investigation. Canale hopes to have some grand jury action by Christmas.

Barnes says he is lucky to be alive. He quotes a white police officer as telling him, "Nigger, if those two policemen had got killed, you'd have been in more trouble than if you had raped a white woman. You'd be dead." The reference was to two pursuing officers whose car hit the highway divider but who suffered no injuries.

Forty per cent of Memphis' population is black, and poverty is its major industry. Hayes's death provoked four nights of street violence in the city—firebombings, snipings, burnings, rock throwing and lootings. Dr. Vasco Smith, the NAACP spokesman, said Hayes's death and frequent complaints of police brutality and mistreatment constitute a dangerous threat to the city's well-being.

"The black community is getting restless. They want to know why something isn't being done about Hayes's death, and why the suspended police are getting a paid vacation," Smith says. "We think it's a delaying action to let things cool down, so they can come up with a snow job. I predict that if something is not done soon, black people will have to arm themselves to protect themselves. I myself live in fear that something will happen to my 14-year-old boy. He believes all men are equal and he would not knuckle under to police harassment." On December 9, a grand jury indicted nine officers in connection with Hayes's death.

Mayor Loeb has never been able to unite Memphis; over the years he has built a hostile image of himself in the black community. Part of this may stem from his strong opposition to the garbage men's strike of 1968, when the men sought to improve on wages of $1.86 an hour. Next year, Loeb will be succeeded by ex-city councilman, Wyeth Chandler. One of Chandler's first unofficial acts after his election was to attend a national central committee meeting in Memphis of George Wallace's American Independence Party. He had the privilege of hearing Wallace speak. □

'THIS IS SUCH A FARCE!'

A GREEK EDITOR SUMS UP

THOMAS W. PEW, Jr.

Mr. Pew, editor and associate publisher of the Troy (Ohio) Daily News, *has made four trips to Greece since the military coup of April 21, 1967, to gather information and conduct interviews. These four trips were preceded by a one-year residence (1964-65) by the author and his wife, and by other trips to Greece that date back to the early sixties.*

Athens

A year ago when I visited the office of the English-language daily *Athens News*, publisher Yannis Horn was agonizing over the question of what action the military junta might take if he published a three-part position paper he'd written on the subject: "Has the Revolution the Support of the People?" The series had already been announced in the newspaper, but was being studied to determine if it violated the new and very strict Greek press law. The series was never published.

Last month when I returned to Athens and called on Mr. Horn he had just been sentenced to seven months in prison, fined 10,000 drachmas ($333); the *Athens News* had been deprived for a month of the privilege of using duty-free newsprint.

Mr. Horn, who is out of jail pending an appeal before the Athens Court of Appeals, was convicted on November 8 for violating Article 70 of the Greek press law which bans "the . . . use of headlines, photographs or representations which do not give the exact content of the text, or may create an impression in the public different from that conveyed by the entire contents of the text." The "illegal" headline published in the October 17-18 issue of the *Athens News* read: "Bombs, Recruited School Children Greet Agnew." In the text of the story, however, two paragraphs that gave details of the bombings (which did in fact occur) and of the recruited schoolchildren (who were in fact told to report for Agnew cheering duty) were omitted. Stories on the bombings and on the schoolchildren appeared in other Athens newspapers; and in the same issue of the *Athens News*, directly under the story with the errant headline, appeared a detailed police account of the bombings. Furthermore the back page of the *Athens News*, which gives a news summary in French, carried a full report about the bomb explosions.

The October 19th issue of the *Athens News*—the edition immediately following the one with the offending headline—carried a page 1 editor's note in boldface, apologizing for the composition error. The two paragraphs that had been omitted from the previous day's newspaper were printed in full. They read:

> A few hours before the arrival of the U.S. Vice President Spiro Agnew in Athens two bombs exploded under two American cars in Glyfada, near Athens Airport. A

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telephone call to the *Athens News* by a self-styled "Greek Popular Resistance" Organization informed this paper that the explosions were works of the said organization, as a protest against Agnew's visit to the Greek regime.

It should also be noted that schools, banks, ministries and public services were closed for Agnew's reception, so that their personnel and school children could attend the welcome.

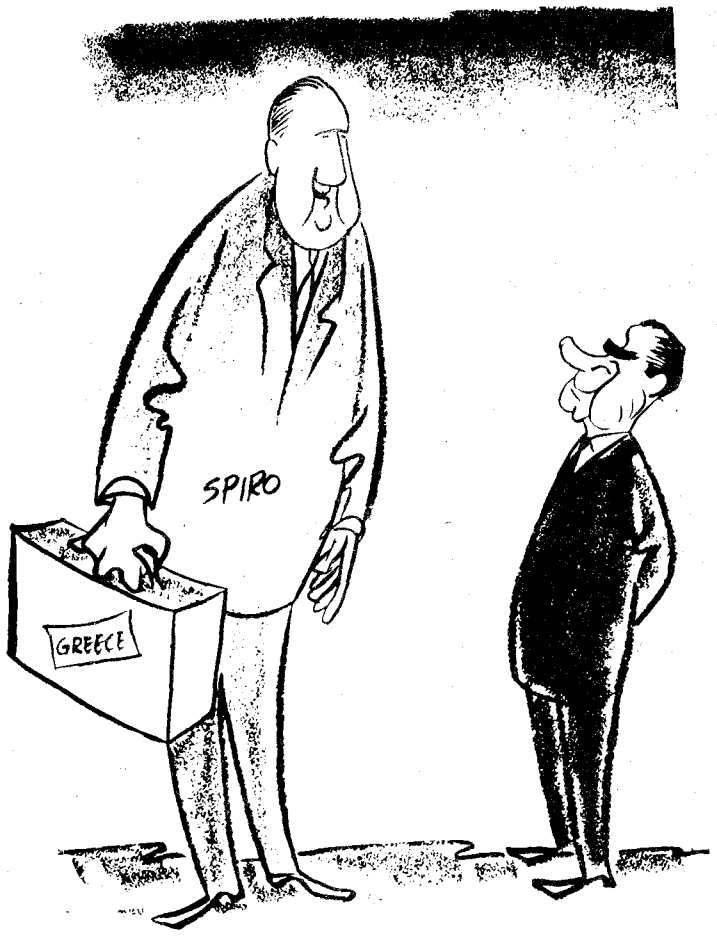
This correction appeared three days before legal proceedings were begun against Mr. Horn.

At the trial before a tribunal, Athens Police Chief Nicholaos Daskalopoulos, testifying for the prosecution, denied the explosion of bombs in Athens and said that the headline was carried with the intention of creating misleading impressions and to cause anxiety among readers of the newspaper. He said many foreign agencies had telephoned him to check whether the reports were correct. (According to an Associated Press dispatch, "Mr. Agnew's arrival in Athens on October 16 for a week's visit was preceded by two explosions that damaged cars belonging to the U.S. Air Force.") Another prosecution witness testified that publishers should take special care to avoid typographical errors when foreign relations were involved.

For the defense, *Athens News* linotypist C. Katsilolos testified that he had set the paragraphs which were omitted and that they had probably been mislaid in the course of the front-page composition. The editor of the *Athens News*, Jesse Simagan, testified that there had been no intention to deceive readers. He further testified that he had written the headline and edited the news story that brought the government action. The problem of typographical errors in daily newspapers was documented by defense lawyer George B. Mangakis, who used examples from other Athens newspapers. One that he cited was the marriage announcement of Deputy Premier Stylianos Pattakos' daughter, which had appeared in the Athens morning daily *Acropolis* under the headline, "Funeral."

The real issue at the trial broke into the open when the public prosecutor asserted that the defendant had deliberately omitted the details about the explosions to "convey the misleading impression that the Greeks were throwing bombs at Mr. Agnew on arrival . . . because of his [Mr. Horn's] attitude of opposition toward the government." The prosecutor said that "the defendant's newspaper had shown an opposition attitude." Defense lawyer Mangakis reminded the court that the trial did not concern political issues, but was to determine whether the headline was misleading. He further pointed out that the legal issue was whether Mr. Horn had maliciously and intentionally violated the press law. Mr. Horn speaking for himself made his position on the political issue absolutely clear by answering the prosecutor: "I did not say I was in favor of the government." The tribunal found Mr. Horn guilty after less than three hours of deliberation.

But with an appeal pending and expected for hearing before Christmas, Mr. Horn appears determined to make the most of his remaining days of freedom to continue expressing his opinions on the government and to describe the plight of the Greek press. Sitting at his desk at his *Athens News* office and speaking rapidly in Greek—he is not fluent in English—Mr. Horn said the things about the Greek regime that few Greeks today [illegible] hat



Pierotti

"Gosh Chief—You Should See How They Control the Press!"

almost no Greek will say to a reporter for attribution. What Mr. Horn and like-minded Greeks want Americans to know, what he would like more Greeks to realize, is best said in his words:

> Let's start with the press law, if you want to talk about freedom . . . the situation in Greece today. This trial for this headline is the first case to be brought under the new Greek press law. It's a very strict law . . . so strict in fact that it rates journalists with common criminals. . . . No, it rates them even lower than common criminals, because under the Greek law the common criminal has the right to buy off his prison term, but the journalist under the new press law must serve his time. And in the case of the common criminal the fine or prison sentence can be suspended, but the new journalist law doesn't show the journalist any such mercy. Furthermore this law doesn't give any consideration to a long journalistic career. [Horn, 60, has published the *Athens News* for twenty years; he has also worked for various other Athens newspapers.] If the judge thinks you're guilty, that's all: the judge can't reduce the sentence; there's no leniency.
>
> The government has said they will try to correct the law, but this government has promised a lot of things and has come through with few of them. Your Vice President Agnew comes here and talks about democracy in Greece, but look at this, look at this trial of mine—it shows things as they are. The proof of what Greece is today, the proof of the lies is that this regime says that there are no political prisoners, but then in today's newspaper there is a report that three political prisoners were

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freed today after one year in prison, with no reason ever given.

I've seen twenty Greek governments in twenty years of publishing and I've never been involved in politics. I've never written an editorial. But this government has forced me to be involved because a newspaper which has respect for itself could not swallow the lies that this government has been saying and sending out to newspapers. A self-respecting newspaper cannot close its mouth when all of those things are published outside of the country. Before, we had no reason to be involved because we were free. Other newspapers did the fighting. Today we do the fighting.

You ask about our impression of America. There's no anti-American feeling here. Greeks love the Americans. Democracy in the United States started from Greece. If there were such a thing as anti-American feeling among Greeks it would be the fear that America's foreign policy is driving Greece outside the sphere of America. If America supports a dictatorship in Greece, then when the dictatorship falls the Communists will take over. A group of us in Greece fear that. The proof that this government plays into Soviet hands is that the Soviet Union, as well as the United States, approves of the dictatorship. If the Soviet Union wanted to topple this government it could do so with economic pressure. . . . We sell tobacco, oranges, lemons, cotton, gypsum, aluminum and bauxite to the Eastern bloc. Russia could put an embargo on these Greek products and the economy would fall. But they do quite the contrary. Ever since the arrival of this dictatorship the movement of exports to the East has grown.

Another reason why this government suits the Soviets is that the Communist Party of Greece and Communist Party of Greeks living in Russia disagree. They disagree on the way they must come to power in Greece. The Communist Party in Greece has always wanted an armed revolt and Russia could rearm this group if it chose to do so. But the Greek Communists living in Russia think further ahead to when they can subtly get into Greece without a revolt or without world opinion turning against them. They want a slow change, quietly. By that time in the future, if this dictatorship falls, it will be too late to do anything. The people who support this government here and in America really put the Greeks outside the American sphere of influence. In the West, who will come to the aid of Greece? It will be too late. . . .

How could a dear friend like the United States be blind to what is going on in Greece? The Soviets see. The last Soviet ambassador to Greece, in answer to a journalist's question about why the Soviet Union supported this government, said that they help the present Greek government because all other governments of Greece—Right or Center—have been so pro-American. Actually I can agree that all Greek governments before this one have been pro-American, even Papandreou who was said to lean toward Russia. It was during his government that the big U.S. air base was built. Isn't it strange that the United States and the Soviet Union both support today's government in Greece? . . .

And this government today . . . has created a problem for NATO. When war exercises are held now, the other countries don't want to have anything to do with Greek troops. They would like to put Greece out of NATO as it has been kicked out of the Council of Europe. All this has been good for Russia. . . .

The Greek people think that if we have a dictatorship it is because America likes it. If the United States wished, it could topple this government in forty hours without a fight—all of our politicians believe so. If the United States were to say, for example, that Greece isn't needed in NATO, this government couldn't stand. . . . Among the NATO countries, only France plays around with this government; and that's for economic reasons. Not even England has anything to do with us. If the United States really wanted a dictatorship in Greece, they could at least have a serious dictatorship—as it was under King George and Metaxas, for instance—but not this. This is such a farce.

If you ask me, this government doesn't have the support of 3 per cent of the common people, who are conscious of politics. Royalists, Right, Center, Communists—all are against the government.

If you ask me about Agnew's coming to Greece and the things he said about our government, I can offer a personal opinion: Agnew's ideas are fascistic; he doesn't seem to be conscious of the U.S. Constitution; he doesn't seem to understand the meaning of freedom; he doesn't know the rights of man. Do you know that many of the people who go to jail for their beliefs are anti-Communist? The charges against me originate from Agnew's visit—it's an irony.

You ask, will I actually go to jail? I can only answer you that in a dictatorship one doesn't know whether one will go to jail or not. The government could close the *Athens News* now. One isn't sure about anything in this situation. You are sitting there interviewing me now. If the police would walk in now and arrest us . . . you would go to jail too.

As abruptly as he had begun talking Mr. Horn got up, shook my hand and immediately returned to the job of getting out the day's edition of the *Athens News*. I wandered around the offices for awhile, talking to the odd combination of nationalities—American, Greek, British, and the Philippine editor, Jesse Simagan, whom I'd known before—to determine what the staff of the newspaper thought of their publisher's official notoriety. For the most part those I talked to didn't quite seem to believe what was happening. The *Athens News* had never been involved before. They made jokes about all the free advertising it was getting from the government. "Why just look at these stories about us, and pictures too, in *The Times* (of London), *The Guardian*, and the *International Herald Tribune*." Only Jesse Simagan seemed to realize fully what Horn was risking. I asked Jesse, who had sat in on my talk with Horn and assisted with the interpretation, if Horn quite realized how strong some of his comments to me were, and if he understood that these comments would soon be published in America and would soon be back in Greece in the hands of his enemies.

"He understands," Jesse said, "he knows what he's saying. We'll take our chances."

"But this is a dictatorship," I persisted, beginning to lose my nerve as the conveyor of a message that could send a man to jail, "and he already has this one prison term hanging over his head."

"He understands that," Jesse concluded firmly, obviously getting my message of uneasiness, and quickly averting his eyes.

I got up and walked to a window in the hall where there was one of those rare, clear, straight-line views across the high-rise new Athens to the Acropolis and the Parthenon. I looked for a long time; then I rang for the elevator. □

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WASHINGTON

LAND OF MILK AND MONEY

FRANK WRIGHT
Wr. Wright is a staff correspondent in the Washington bureau of the Minneapolis Tribune.

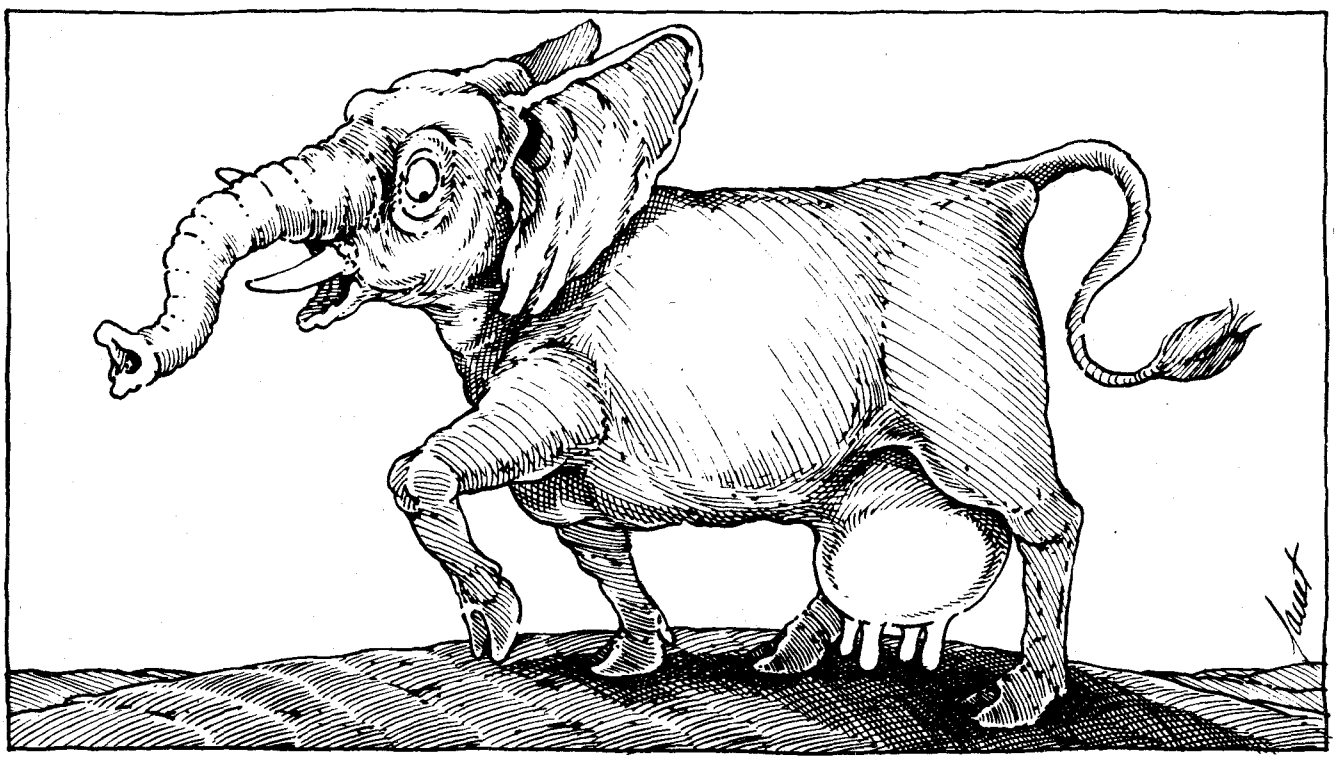
It is said that in politics no one with an ounce of intelligence need pay a bribe any more to obtain a favor from an elected official; all one need do is make a contribution to the next campaign. No crime is committed, and both parties to the transaction enjoy the benefits. There is an added inducement: the election laws in this country are so riddled with loopholes that, with a minimum of adroitness, both the contributor and the official can keep their dealings legally hidden from public view. Voters seldom get a glimpse behind the veil.

That is why, in a sense, we are indebted to the nation's dairy farmers, the folks who sold us the idea that milk is nature's most perfect food and that we never outgrow the need for it—and that as taxpayers we should be happy to pay higher price supports for the privilege of drinking it. As newcomers to the back corridors of big-time political financing, the dairy farmers, certainly without wanting to and perhaps without realizing it, have provided a classic example of how election campaigns in the United States are often paid for and how that can influence government actions. It involves the direct intervention of President Nixon and dozens of Congressmen on behalf of the milk producers, the payment of hundreds of thousands of dollars in campaign contributions, and the expenditure of millions of dollars in taxpayers' money.

Washington paid little attention last March 12, when Secretary of Agriculture Clifford Hardin announced that the government-guaranteed price of milk would not be increased for the 1971 marketing year, to begin on April 1. The basic support to be paid to farmers would remain at $4.66 for each 100 pounds of manufacturing grade milk. Manufacturing milk is a lower grade used to make butter, cheese and nonfat powdered milk. The price of so-called fluid milk, the higher grade used for drinking and cooking by family consumers, is not supported directly by the government but is based on the guarantee for manufacturing milk and ranges approximately $1 higher.

Hardin's decision to keep the support price at the level of the previous year was not surprising. In general, he opposed high price supports as being an artificial route to farm prosperity and instead preferred finding new markets, especially in foreign countries. In particular, he said that raising the milk support would only result in overproduction, lower prices on the free market and an increase in government purchases of surplus milk. Dairy farmers, Hardin said, "know from past experience that they do not benefit when dairy production substantially exceeds demand, and excessive surpluses pile up in government warehouses. We must avoid this." Besides, he said, the free market price of $4.72 was already higher than the support level.

Hardin, however, failed to reckon with the farmers. Within two weeks they had exerted so much pressure on the President and on Hardin that the Administration, already worried about a simmering farm revolt, caved in.



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On March 25, Hardin announced that the support price would after all be increased to $4.93.

The pressure campaign was a model of lobbying. The dairy farmers went first to the Congressmen they had helped financially during the 1970 election campaign. Among these were some of the most powerful men on Capitol Hill, including House Speaker Carl Albert (D., Okla.); Rep. W. R. Poage (D., Tex.), chairman of the House Agriculture Committee; Rep. Page Belcher (R., Okla.), senior minority member of the committee; Sen. Hubert Humphrey (D., Minn.), a member of the Senate Agriculture Committee and a prospective 1972 candidate for President; Sen. Edmund Muskie (D., Maine), his party's leading contender for the Presidential nomination; Sen. Gale McGee (D., Wyo.), chairman of the Senate Agriculture Appropriations Subcommittee; and Sen. William Proxmire (D., Wis.), a ranking member of that subcommittee. During the previous two years, according to records filed with Congress, the farmers had spent $2,000 on an appreciation dinner for Albert, who had no opposition for re-election, and $11,500 on a similar dinner for Poage, who likewise had no opposition at the polls. Further, they had made a $5,000 contribution to Poage's nonexistent campaign. Belcher had received contributions totaling $5,000; Humphrey, $10,625; Muskie, $7,132; McGee, $2,000 and Proxmire, $8,160.

The money for these and other recipients was funneled through three dairy farmer organizations which had been in the political fund-raising business for only two years but which had already built up a treasure chest of slightly more than $1 million and had invested more than $500,000 in the Congressional election. Collectively, they are the richest new source of political money to come along in years.

The biggest of the three is the Trust for Agricultural Political Education, political arm of Associated Milk Producers, Inc. Associated and its fund have headquarters in San Antonio, Tex., but draw support from approximately 40,000 member farmers in more than twenty Midwestern states ranging from the Canadian border on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south. Associated, which markets more than 10 per cent of the nation's milk, is a leader in the continuing drive by dairy farmers to gain more economic bargaining power by forming bigger and bigger cooperatives. By the spring of this year its political fund had reported receipts of $1,053,571 and expenditures of $447,291.

The other two organizations are the Trust for Special Political Agricultural Community Education of Dairymen, Inc., and the Agricultural and Dairy Educational Political Trust of Mid-America Dairymen, Inc. Dairymen and Mid-America are both marketing cooperatives, similar to Associated. Dairymen operates in the Southeast; Mid-America shares the Midwest with Associated.

The money for the three funds, according to officials of the cooperatives, comes from the farmer members. Those who wish to contribute authorize the cooperative to make a deduction from their monthly milk checks up to a maximum of $99 per year. The maximum is set at that level to protect the anonymity of the givers. Persons who give $100 or more must be listed by name in the reports that the dairy funds are required by law to file periodically.

The principal Congressional tool used by the farmers to pressure the Administration was legislation which, if passed, would have made an increase in milk price supports mandatory. In the House, more than seventy members signed on as co-sponsors. More than thirty of these had received funds from the farmers in amounts that varied from a few hundred dollars to several thousand. Several recipients, other than Poage, had no election opposition. In the Senate there were almost two dozen sponsors. Of the twelve who had run for election in the fall, eight had received campaign contributions. The farm organizations had the legislation drafted and introduced within a week after Hardin's first announcement; it was fast work by any standard.

The farmers had other tools of persuasion. Most of the legislation's sponsors were Democrats. Republicans, not eager to display publicly their unhappiness with the Administration's freeze on milk support, privately urged the White House and the Department of Agriculture to raise the figure on their own. Letters from members of the co-ops inundated both the White House and Congress. Associated hired a former Assistant Secretary of Agriculture to make the rounds at that Department.

The whipped cream topping to this campaign came on March 23, when the President met at the White House with sixteen representatives of the farmers. Among them were eleven from Associated, including John Butterbrodt, the president, a dairy farmer from Burnett, Wis.; Harold Nelson, the general manager, and Dave Parr, an Associated official who works out of Little Rock and is said to be the brains behind many of the mergers that have helped build the giant co-op.

Not everyone gets an audience with the President. It obviously helps if you have raised $1 million for politics in two years and represent a constituency that, having helped the President win office the last time around, has since then been showing signs of restiveness. The audience with Nixon was scheduled to last thirty minutes; it went on for almost an hour. Details of the discussion have never been disclosed, but whatever was said was effective. Two days later, Hardin announced the price support increase. He made no reference to his previous comments. He simply said that constant monitoring of farmers' costs had detected an increase that made higher supports essential. That is propitious monitoring.

The whole affair might gradually have faded from sight after that, but in June the farm groups filed with Congress their next set of required political financing reports. They showed that the organizations had contributed $85,000 to the President's 1972 re-election at the very time he and his Administration were reversing themselves on price support. The money was given to various well-established committees of the national Republican Party—among them the Republican Campaign Committee, the Republican National Finance Operations Committee, the Republican National Committee and the Republican National Finance Committee. The farmers gave $10,000 on March 22, the day before the meeting with Mr. Nixon at the White House; $25,000 on March 24, the day after the meeting; $45,000 on April 5, four

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days after the new higher support price went into effect, and $5,000 more in May.

Washington was amazed by the candor of the reports. Said a grizzled Democratic lawyer, whose campaign advice has been sought by more than one of his party's Presidential candidates: "My God, we've been doing that sort of thing for years; there's nothing so new about it. But we've never admitted it, and we've never, never had it reported so publicly." It was a comment that summed up the morality of campaign financing in Washington, where the reporting laws are so habitually ignored that no attorney general has ever prosecuted anyone, candidate or contributor, for violating them.

By September, when their latest reports were filed, the farmers had learned their lesson. They reported spending another $170,000 on contributions, but this time didn't reveal the actual recipients of the money. According to the reports, the money went to a series of sixty-eight different committees located at a variety of addresses in and around Washington. Each committee received $2,500. They carried such names as the Organization of Involved Americans, Americans United for Political Awareness, Americans United for Political Involvement, Americans Participating, Americans United for Decent Government, Americans United for an Informed Electorate, Americans Dedicated to Greater Public Awareness, Americans United for Better Federal Administration, Citizens for More Effective Community Involvement, and Americans United for Sensible Agricultural Policy.

As intended, the uninitiated were confused, but to those versed in national political financing, it was an old story—the dummy committee was back again. Under the law, a contributor may give only $5,000 to a candidate's campaign or to his committee. To get around this, or to hide the identity of his backers, a candidate will often set up a series of committees that are little more than a name, an address and checking account. To avoid the requirement that they file public reports, they usually use banks in Washington which are exempt from laws regulating national political campaigning.

Only by checking out the address for each committee could reporters trace the dairy farmers' underground committee network to Nixon. One address was the home of the daughter of Sen. Wallace Bennett (R., Utah), a pillar of the Mormon Church. Another was the office of a Virginia attorney active in the Mormon Church. A third was the home of that attorney's secretary. Another was the former address of a public relations firm that has worked in numerous GOP campaigns.

Eventually the trail led to Robert Bennett, the Senator's son. He is now an executive of the public relations firm, Robert R. Mullen & Co., and before that was director of Congressional relations for the Department of Transportation in the Nixon Administration. Bennett readily admitted setting up the committees and said their purpose was to collect money for the President's re-election. He said he had been campaigning for Nixon ever since 1960. He called his efforts "a little quiet something I can do." Bennett claimed the committees were his own idea. Further evidence of their purpose emerged when a reporter secured a copy of the privately held charter of one of the committees. It had been established, according to the charter, "to work for the renomination of President Richard M. Nixon." After his nomination, the charter said, any money left over may be transferred secretly to committees supporting him against the nominees of other parties.

It took reporters several days to check out enough of the dummy committees to flush out Bennett and to find the charter. How many private citizens with an interest in who gives what to whom have that much time to search behind the public record? And, if ours is the open society that it claims to be, why should they have to?

Public comment from the principals involved in the exchanges of these funds has been laconic. President Nixon acknowledged the political power of the dairy farmers in September, when he traveled to Chicago to address an audience of 40,000 at the annual convention of Associated Milk Producers, the biggest of the co-ops. He praised the organization for being "one of the strongest forces in blazing new economic trails" and for acting "on your own, neither whimpering helplessly about uncontrollable economic forces nor waiting passively for government to bail you out." He said nothing about his reversal on price supports or about the campaign contributions, and his staff has refused to discuss the situation when questioned by reporters. President Nixon has paid at least lip service to some of the new campaign-reform legislation pending in Washington, but his press office has regularly and brusquely refused to respond to inquiries about the propriety and the timing of the dairymen's gifts.

The dairymen are similarly silent. At first, they had welcomed news reports of their success in rallying Congress to their side. A public relations man for Associated Milk went so far as to request extra copies of one of the early stories in the *Minneapolis Tribune*, the first paper to disclose the milk farmers' entry into the political funding arena. He said he wanted to send the story to "each one of our directors, so they can see how effective this can be." Since then, as the contributions to Nixon have grown and the dummy committees have come into play, the co-ops have become more and more inscrutable—like the older practitioners of the art. The only co-op official who has said anything meaningful of late is W. R. (Preach) Griffith, a farmer from Newcastle, Okla., who is chairman of Associated Milk's Government Relations Committee. He said that the co-ops weren't trying to "buy anybody, but you've been around long enough to know you don't get nothing you don't pay for."

Meanwhile, Hardin's original fears are coming true. Production of milk is up; free market sales are down, continuing a decline that has prevailed for several years. The government has had to step into the breach. Accordingly, net government price support is expected to be in the neighborhood of $440 million for the current marketing year, an increase of about $60 million or 16 per cent over a year ago. Also, the government-held stockpile of dairy products is approximately 1 billion pounds larger than it was a year ago.

In the spring, the President will have to make a decision on the support price for 1972, an election year. The dairymen will be waiting with their treasure chest, whose total now approaches $2 million. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Politics and the Black Novel

JERRY H. BRYANT
Mr. Bryant is the author of The Open Decision: The Contemporary American Novel and Its Intellectual Background *(Free Press). He is at present working on a study of fiction written by black American authors since World War II.*

A people's fiction is a cultural genetic code, a double helix of the spirit. It does not always reflect how people act, but rather how they feel about action. In America, violent action has been morally sanctioned for a long time—at least certain kinds of violent action, committed under certain auspices. Some of our best, and some of our worst, literature is full of it.

But not all the forms of American literature have contained violence. The literature of the black man, at least up to 1940, was relatively free of it. As Richard Dorson shows us, the American Negro's folk tales tell of Old Marster and John, of hoodoos, horrors, wonders and fools. His spirituals sing of escape from slavery. The oratory of the post-bellum black preacher advocates Christian patience. The lyrics of the blues sardonically describe an existence of pain and thwarted love. And the scant fiction published up to 1940 gives little space to the depiction of violence.

Violence is always there in the black's literature, of course, but it is submerged. Even in a novel whose subject is violence, like Arna Bontemps' *Black Thunder*, about Gabriel Prosser's slave rebellion, there is a kind of film between the reader and the bloodletting. Criddle, one of the rebels, eagerly anticipates running his sword through a white girl, but at the crucial moment Bontemps switches his camera to another scene. And when Gabriel kills a white guardsman, we have to read the passage again to make sure that this is what has actually happened.

Not until Richard Wright published *Native Son* in 1940 did we have a black novelist who used an act of violence as the central motif of a long narrative, and depicted that act in explicit detail. When Bigger Thomas murders Mary Dalton and feeds her dismembered body to the furnace, the crash through the barriers of tradition is loud and disturbing. Violence enters black American fiction. In the next twenty years, more and more black novelists disengage themselves from the old cautiousness. Ellison's narrator in *Invisible Man* throws a spear through Ras the Exhorter's cheek, and beats off his would-be captors with a leg chain. Willard Motley's Nick Romano, in *Knock on Any Door*, empties a pistol into the body of a policeman. Lesser known novelists show lawless bands of Southern vigilantes lynching and shooting blacks, Northern police beating blacks unconscious on the streets, and mobs of whites attacking blacks in race riots. They show angry black men beating their women, or killing them, and petty black gangsters gunning down frightened ghetto dwellers.

These post-1940 novelists depict three kinds of violence—that committed by whites against blacks, that committed by blacks against one another, and that committed by blacks against whites or against blacks working for whites. Toward the first, the attitude of the novelists is powerful outrage; toward the second it is painful frustration over blacks fighting one another. These two kinds of violence seem familiar, even though they were not dealt with explicitly in novels before 1940. And the moral objections toward them are only what we would expect. The third kind of violence, however, with only one or two exceptions, is unique to the years after 1940, and its appearance is accompanied by the emergence of a highly significant attitude.

When a black person kills a white person in these novels, it is in large part the fulfillment of a desire long repressed. More important, the act embodies strong moral value. An attack upon a white person or his black representative is an attack upon a symbol of racism and oppression. Ann Petry's Lutie Johnson, in *The Street*, bludgeons a black man to death when he tries to rape her in preparation for turning her over to the rich white Harlem gangster who employs him. She does not kill a black man, though; she kills "the white world which thrust black people into a walled enclosure from which there was no escape." Such an attack is a claim for the black man's identity and worth as a person. "I didn't know," says Bigger Thomas, "I was really alive in this world until I felt things hard enough to kill for 'em. . . . " Nick Romano, who is white, but who suffers from the same pressures as his black slum neighbors, is glad he killed the policeman and would do it again.

The powerful desire to retaliate in kind against a hitherto immune tyrant is supported by the firm conviction that the black grievance is just and that God approves of retaliation. Speaking at the funeral of the title character of John O. Killens' *Youngblood*, a preacher says, ". . . We're going to make them pay one day soon, the ones that're responsible. There's going to be a reckoning day right here in Georgia and we're going to help God hurry it up." Striking back almost inevitably brings death or the ruin of one's life. Bigger and Nick are executed; Lutie must abandon the child for whom she killed. But the act of violence is not futile. The willingness to commit violence suggests an important awakening among blacks, an awakening referred to again and again in these novels. Violence for the novelists is not only moral; it is the indispensable tool for achieving selfhood.

Yet, violence still seems alien to them as if they cannot quite shake that pre-1940 tradition. Killens ends *Youngblood* and William Russell ends *A Wind Is Rising*, both of which depict white violence committed against innocent blacks not with an organization of an underground and an armed attack against their murderers, but with the statement of a determination on the part of the protagonists to establish a union and to work through the avenues of appeal created and dominated by whites. James Baldwin's *Go Tell It on the Mountain* contains a strong pattern of violent imagery but no literal violence. And some novelists explicitly reject violence. The protagonist of Willard Savoy's *Alien Land* thinks, "Violence! The possibility the bare possibility of a riot. He turned from these things." The Invisible Man goes underground to escape the riot developing above him in Harlem.

These novelists are simply not white enough to feel comfortable with violence, even though they can morally justify its use and even though it pervades their personal lives. The white and the black came to this continent at about the same time. But unlike black men white men stormed in, cutting down trees and Indians, changing river channels, shouldering back the frontier, fighting one another and everyone else bloody. This is not to say that blacks did not participate in this violent response to a virgin land; it's just that violence was not, as it was with the whites, their mode

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of life as a people. White literature reflects the violence of the white. We get Ahab lashed to Moby Dick, Huck Finn witnessing the feud between the Grangerfords and the Shepherdsons, Stephen Crane's Henry Flemming winning his red badge of courage, and that tragic moment in Frank Norris' *The Octopus* when, in a few seconds, Annixter and his friends are shot down by an overtense band of deputy sheriffs. Not all white novelists condone violence, of course, but it does seem to come natural to them.

If black writers were going successfully to justify violent retaliation against white violence, they were going to have to learn the same ease of handling it that the whites had. The first black writer to make the attempt was Chester Himes. In the middle and late 1950s after writing four social novels, Himes turned to the detective novel, seeing it as the quintessential American literary form. The detective novel, he says in an interview with John A. Williams for *Amistad I*, is "just plain and simple violence in narrative form," and "no one, *no one* writes about violence the way that Americans do."

Himes masters this most American of literary forms. *Run, Man, Run, The Crazy Kill, Cotton Comes to Harlem*—among others—have plots based on violence. A man, white or black, is killed. He is shot by a psychotic detective; his throat is cut by a black punk; he is stabbed by a "doctor" carrying a bag full of money. From this initial act of violence, the story develops. Usually, Coffin Ed Johnson and Gravedigger Jones, Himes's two black detectives, enter the case. On their way to solving the crime, they beat up contemptible blacks and whites, put down arrogant black toughs, and occasionally touch on race relations with their white captain.

Himes's approach to violence is not explicitly a moral one. His writing is hard-boiled, like that of Raymond Chandler or Dashiell Hammett. His tone is ironic. His novels differ basically from those of Wright, Petry and Motley, and they are crucial to the development of black fiction during the late fifties, for they embody an attitude toward violence that is more traditionally white than black. Himes does not use violence as a moral social tool in his detective novels, but he displays a greater comfortableness with it than one finds in black fiction up to this time.

Himes does see much wider implications in the use of violence by blacks than his detective novels suggest. He tells John A. Williams, "I think the only way a Negro will ever get accepted as an equal is if he kills whites . . . launches a violent uprising to the point where people will become absolutely sickened, disgusted; to the point where people will realize that they have to do something." There is a hardness in this tone that matches the tone of his detective novels. In it we hear Malcolm X and Stokely Carmichael. The characters of Wright and Motley, of Petry and Killens, react in desperation when a brutal society pushes them beyond endurance. They direct their violence to a single figure who is merely a symbol for them. There is a note of hysteria in their violence, and the justification of that violence is vaguely sentimental. Neither the novels of Himes, nor his statement, nor the words of Malcolm X and Stokely Carmichael are hysterical or sentimental. Violence for them seems more normal and familiar. Emptied of its emotional content, it has become a tactical weapon to be used by cool heads for well-defined goals, a tool for bringing down white society as it exists, not for individual attacks of limited consequence against single symbols.

This attitude does not always produce good novels. Sam Greenlee's *The Spook Who Sat by the Door* reads like a parody of the Arthurian romance and the hard-boiled detective novel combined, but I am sure Greenlee is serious. His hero, Dan Freeman, infiltrates the CIA disguised as a submissive Uncle Tom who keeps a low profile. He learns all he can about guerrilla warfare and weapons and returns to his native Chicago a respectable, law-abiding black man. But sub rosa he turns a hitherto self-destructive black street gang into a disciplined unit of guerrilla fighters, who make fools out of the white authorities by robbing banks and stealing arms from well-protected armories. The book closes just as the revolution is beginning. Himself mortally wounded, a sacred sacrifice to the cause, Dan mentally urges his freedom fighters on: "Go on you black-ass Cobras, go get your own."

The Spook Who Sat by the Door, published in 1969, is a romantic fantasy that tries to pass as a serious exploration of the possibilities of violence. Dan does not fool himself that the blacks will win, but he is getting what he has always wanted, revenge. He becomes a John Wayne, the white hero he so scorns, exhilarated by the psychological release he feels in showing whitey that blacks can also do what whitey has done—kill, maim, destroy.

Not all of the novelists who assume a hard-boiled attitude toward violence find such exhilaration in throwing off the old restraints. Some are deeply reluctant to turn to violence. In his *And Then We Heard the Thunder*, published in 1962, eight years after *Youngblood*, John Killens illustrates this reluctance, as well as the change in attitude I have been talking about. In this novel about World War II black soldiers in Australia, black combat veterans force a confrontation with the white army when a well-liked brother is unjustly arrested by MPs. A pitched battle follows in which blacks, wielding rifles and machine guns, kill whites, and whites kill blacks. The protagonist, Solly Saunders, thinks hard and agonizingly on whether to join the battle. He has no stomach for killing, "even though he knew this was *his war*," and that "his cause was just." But white society has given him only two alternatives. He must kill or give up his manhood. He chooses to save his manhood and joins the battle.

Killens makes the moral rightness of Solly's decision clear. The battle itself is more just than the larger war. In fact, the true patriots are not the white soldiers defending racism but the blacks, like one of Solly's friends, who "was a dedicated patriot and Dignity was his country

RACHEL

The youth who keeps his behind on the stone
is a rabbi. A parchment is on his lap,
the dampness from learning runs down his back.
His legs hold her up like columns.

(I have changed to the personal pronoun
for she is a prostitute, with her black
ink letters painted thick
like eyebrows for the touch of anyone.
I spit three times through my fingers;
may her lewdness not come to taint me.)

He would kill his abiding desire,
so he pinches his lips with two fingers.
If I could help, I would give my weak
hands to join the murder.

Zona Silverstein

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and Manhood was his government and Freedom was his land."

Even more reluctantly than Killens, John A. Williams concludes that the black man cannot avoid the use of violence. The black man, Williams says, has come to the point where he can no longer tolerate the position he has been forced into by white society. His first reaction must be to discover the real truth about the racial situation and then disclose it. This is what Max Reddick does in *The Man Who Cried I Am*, Williams' last novel but one. The symbol of the truth about white America is the King Alfred Plan, a plan for the systematic imprisonment and execution of blacks in case of insurrection. The plan reflects no more than what the whites have been doing to blacks from the beginning. When Max discovers the extent of the implacable conspiracy against blacks, his eyes are fully opened. Disclosing the plan will force upon blacks and whites alike a recognition too long in coming, and inevitably it will arouse both to violent reaction. But in light of the lies, the duplicity, the unkept promises, and the violence, there is no other way. Max's only choice is "to loose these beasts, black and white." The disclosure of the truth, however, will "be a start." America will be put on notice that blacks now know the real nature of the enemy, and that they "will kill back or kill *first*." Gradually, wearily, not wanting to, Max concludes that change can be affected only through violent upheaval, because *"Nothing else has worked."*

Sons of Darkness, Sons of Light, Willams' latest novel, adds a slightly more pessimistic—and at the same time optimistic—note to these views. The answer to the racial problem is violent revolution, for the poisonous affliction of American society is so noxious and deep that it can be purged by violent and painful catharsis only. When Gene Browning, Williams' hero, commissions a "hit" on a white policeman, hoping that the stealth and guile as well as the force of the Mafia will be effective, he sets off an armed revolution. But at least the blacks fight back, and this is important, for it shows they prefer physical to spiritual death. The increasingly organized violence of the blacks, in other words, shows a healthy awareness, an awareness that will help plunge the system into painful convulsions, but from which it should emerge stronger than ever.

The advocacy of violence in these novels, reluctant or otherwise, is literal, not just literary. Given America's racial past and present, one could hardly expect anything else, and we must assume that black fiction accurately reflects the feelings, if not the intentions, of many blacks. But it leaves us with a sense of desolation, wondering if literature might provide us with less destructive responses to life—even a life so clearly brutalized as that of the Negro in America. Happily, there is already evidence of a change in this directon. In the preface to *Blind Man with a Pistol*, his latest novel, Himes himself speaks of "our loudmouthed leaders urging our vulnerable soul brothers on to getting themselves killed." The blind man with a pistol is a black man who comes up from a subway shooting wildly, symbolizing "riots in the ghettos, war in Vietnam, masochistic doings in the Middle East."

Even more significant—and more welcome—is Ishmael Reed's *Yellowback Radio Broke-Down*, the indescribably zany story of the Loop Garoo Kid, a black cowboy who knows hoodoo and who turns out to be Satan himself. The action of the novel is set in an anachronistic West in which an Indian flies a helicopter over buffalo herds and frontier towns. The novel ridicules America's favorite myths, especially the myth of Western violence. In the absurd finale, a cattle baron with six-guns shoots it out with an army field marshal armed with a ray gun; then they and their men fall under the spears of a tribe of post-neolithic Amazons, who arrive to put everyone down. This is a wonderful parody of the apocalyptic battles envisioned by Greenlee and Killens. Afterward the survivors go off in their own directions to do "their own thing."

If fiction does embody our feeling about action, Reed's novel suggests a growing sense of humor about violence in the mind of many American blacks, a sense that is reflected in Melvin Van Peebles' very successful film, *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*. Reed's novel and Van Peeble's film suggest that the appetite for violent retaliation might be indulged simply in the world of imagination, of artful fantasy. If this is so, the black artist is more important to us all than we realize. After abandoning his traditional literary forms for the world of white violence, he may have begun a journey into a new form altogether, in which violence is exaggerated to the point of absurdity, in which our appetite for it is gratified but kept safely imaginary. □

'Critic, Review Thyself'

THE MORNING AFTER. Selected Essays and Reviews. *By Wilfrid Sheed. With a Foreword by John Leonard. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 304 pp. $7.95.*

VIVIAN MERCIER
Mr. Mercier, author of The New Novel *and* The Irish Comic Tradition, *teaches English and comparative literature at the University of Colorado, Boulder.*

"They took away my cricket bat at the age of nine and told me I wouldn't be needing it any more," writes Wilfrid Sheed in a touching, perceptive essay, "Confessions of a Sports Nut." His family were moving from England to America, where other, less gentlemanly, games are played. I wonder whether it is yet too late for Sheed in his 40s to ask for his bat back. This is not meant as a polite way of saying, "You'll never make it in America, Wilf," because he *has* made it: not with a best-selling novel or a hit play, but as a critic and novelist and something more than either—a man of letters. He has written theatre criticism for *Commonweal* and movie criticism for *Esquire*; he is now the *New York Times Book Review*'s favorite reviewer and essayist, as the editor, John Leonard, testifies in his Foreword to *The Morning After*. Sheed has also written for, on the one hand (the left?), the *New York Review of Books* and, on the other hand, *Time*, *Life*, and *Sports Illustrated*. His creative work adds up to six respectable volumes of fiction: if one hasn't read them all, at least one has read good reviews of them. In short, a living refutation of the title of John Gross's excellent history, *The Rise and Fall of the Man of Letters*. Gross was writing exclusively about the situation in Great Britain, but it is even truer of America to say, "Instead of men of letters, there are academic experts, mass media pundits, cultural functionaries." Sheed has managed to avoid all the last three roles: there is the less temptation to succumb to the university now that there is so little loose money around on campus. Besides, teaching might in the end leave him less time for writing his novels, as well as less personal freedom, than reviewing does.

But by "making it" so thoroughly in America, Sheed may have lost the heritage that would have made him not just a good writer but a great one. I don't know whether his American readers are aware of it, but Sheed's heritage is truly impressive. I think of him as "Wilfrid Sheed-and-Ward," for his father

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; a member of the famous Catholic ublishing firm; his mother is Maisie Vard, the biographer of G. K. Ches-erton and the daughter of Wilfrid Ward, vho was himself the biographer of 'ardinals Wiseman and Newman. He in ırn was the second son of W. G. Ward 1812-82), a famous English convert to 'atholicism and a notable lay theolo-ian, editor for fifteen years of that uriously named English publication *The ublin Review*. Sheed is thus the living epresentative of four successive gener-tions of men and women of letters, ıree of them deeply involved with Ca-ıolicism. He is probably to some extent ying to escape his heritage—and who ould blame him? Yet, now that his eputation can no longer be unfavorably ompared with his ancestors', it may be me to repatriate himself. As John Leon-d points out, Sheed frequently quotes hesterton, a sign that "his moral sense ever entirely disappears behind an ironic imace." But if we accept this invitation compare Sheed with Chesterton, we on see the difference between the two en of letters. Sheed's wit and humor are certainly in the Chesterton class, but just what does the younger man stand for? You can't read even half a dozen pages of Chesterton—I read ten times that much of *Heretics* the other day before I could stop myself—without becoming aware of *his* standpoint. Sheed, on the other hand, in Leonard's words, "always seems slightly apologetic about bringing up matters of national character and personal honor but brings them up nonetheless. . . ." Perhaps Sheed is reluctant to criticize America and Americans because in his bones he feels that he isn't American. Perhaps his writing would have a little more edge, a little less urbanity, if he lived in England and criticized English life and letters. An English Catholic from a family of converts is rather like an American Jew: no matter how weak his religious belief, he is a member of a small, articulate, combative, highly intelligent minority.

Even as things are, Sheed's most telling pieces revolve around the possession, the lack, or the abandonment of roots. His defoliation of *Making It* demonstrates that Norman Podhoretz never had any roots to lose: "For example, he was raised as a Jewish boy simply because his unbelieving father wanted to keep him unassimilated. At a Jewish seminary college [I always did want to learn the English for *yeshiva*] he consumed enough Hebrew lore to become class valedictorian without ever supposing any of it mattered." In writing of Arthur Miller and James Jones, Sheed points out that the former has lost touch with Brooklyn and gained nothing comparable in exchange, while the latter's protagonist, "the Jones man," has never been at home anywhere except in the U.S. Army: "what hurts is that his roots in World War II are beginning to look quaint. His abstention from regular civil life, from child rearing and job promotions on the one hand or relevant opposition to these on the other, has kept him stuck in the past, and this cuts him off finally even from his own generation." Phony roots, such as Hilaire Belloc's insistence on being "more French than de Gaulle," may be better than none.

In "The Politician as Professor," by far the most penetrating single piece in *The*

Three Poems by Grace Schulman

THE BORDER

Two countries were divided by the sound
Of guns that sang all night along the border.
Morning: The countries had two colors,
As on a map; one side was dry as sand,
The other green. The border reappeared
Like a watermark of waves washed on the shore
By a surf that had been wild the night before.
The two sides were as silent as the day
An Israel moved into Jerusalem
Mourning for its faithless Absalom
Hung in the air for the wind to play.

HE ABBESS OF WHITBY

here must have been an angel at his ear
hen Caedmon gathered up his praise and sang,
rembling in a barn, of the beginning,
tartled at words he never knew were there.

heard a voice strike thunder in the air:
f many kings, only one god is king!
here must have been an angel at his ear
hen Caedmon gathered up his praise and sang.

hen Caedmon turned in fear from songs of war,
leemen who sang the glories of the king
nd holy men wondered that so great a power
ould whirl in darkness and force up his song;
here must have been an angel at his ear
hen Caedmon gathered up his praise and sang.

IN THE POLICE STATE

Green lights grow from the trees in San Sebastian
To make the poplars greener than they are;
Along the waterfront, loudspeakers blare
Strauss cadences just as the night comes on.

Voices contend the martial sound, but slowly
Speech flickers and dies, and heels obey;
Anger: Flame quivers to survive the wind
As music drowns the sea and stills the mind.

This harbor's outsize arms contain the sea;
An Eden of green trees across the bay
Is an artifice of light. Such things compel
The burning eye as drums enclose the will.

We watch the pantomime of waves like thought
Made visible; we hear but do not hear
Voices go under the mutter of unseen trumpets.
The news is edited of wars; the air

Clean as these white streets. Waves gathering thunder
In silence, our mute voices fill with anger
Now and until the sun burns through these trees
And birds disturb the air with free, imperfect cries.

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Morning After, Sheed studies Eugene McCarthy in terms of *his* roots: "The *Commonweal* Catholic in essence tends to combine a belief in the secular world, social progress, etc., with an abstract, quasi-scholastic style, left over from school, and the remains of a self-scourging conscience. . . . And above all, don't show off about your damned virtues. McCarthy could not, if life depended on it, act out his compassion for the poor. . . . The *Commonweal* Catholic is also congenitally mistrustful of ambition. . . ." Sheed goes on to explain why McCarthy's "self-disparagement apparently coexisted with arrogance toward the rest of the world." In part it is an ethnic trait, observable in any Irish living room, but mainly it is the method used by "people of rigorous introspection" to work off their tensions. "The instruction to be charitable makes malice all the more seductive"; besides, the wisecracks are "basically harmless"—though people from other ethnic groups don't always see them that way. I have always said that the Irish at home are not saloon fighters: all their aggression is verbal. But when they get to America, someone is apt to say, "Them's fightin' words, mick," and all hell breaks loose. In any case, Irishmen and Irish-Americans come in more than one style. Part of Sheed's argument as a McCarthy supporter is that the Kennedys, for better or worse, were *not Commonweal* Catholics.

In thus analyzing Senator McCarthy, Sheed analyzes himself too. Although not himself Irish, Sheed as a middle-class Catholic went to a prep school almost entirely populated by Irish-Americans; he is at least as much of a *Commonweal* Catholic as McCarthy. When he says, apropos of the Senator, "non-Catholics might be surprised to know how many bright Catholics give the seminary a whirl and how little significance this may have for their later lives," he makes me wonder whether he didn't give it a whirl himself. Undoubtedly, if he were willing to backtrack toward his Catholic roots, he could "repatriate" himself without leaving this country. Not having read his first five books, I don't know how much Sheed drew on his origins in his earlier fiction. I do know that the title character in his last novel, *Max Jamison*, has traveled too far from his roots. In the end, Max's only security lies in remaining faithful to his profession of critic: "Critic, review thyself." Yet Max does backtrack, ceasing to be the drama critic of *Now* (*Time*?) and returning to his old job at *Rearview*, a periodical that sounds rather like *Commonweal* without the Catholicism. But the results of this doubling back are ironic: "His departure from *Now* has automatically doubled his status with the few who care. Although he has not done a really good piece in over two years now, he finds himself referred to more and more often as 'our leading drama critic.' Simply hanging around seems to do this—a discovery that might have saved some pain earlier." This quote from the epilogue to the novel makes me feel somewhat uneasy. Is Sheed saying that Max was less of a phony when he worked for *Now* at a much higher salary? If so, I'm not naive enough to say Sheed must be wrong—and the irony is neat. But in the end thi leaves Sheed not quite so far away fror the Podhoretz of *Making It* as he woul like to be. Both Sheed and Podhoret imply that the grapes are sweet an that we all know what to think of th fox who says they're sour. But there a more mature attitude, Sheed's own i his review of *Making It*, that says i effect: "At first the grapes *are* sweet, bu finally, if your palate is sensitive enough they turn sour." When they do, it's tim to go looking for that old cricket bat. [

ART BOOKS / Lawrence Alloway

Individual Artists

MARY CASSATT: A Catalogue Raisonné of the Oils, Pastels, Watercolors, and Drawings. *By Adelyn D. Breeskin. George Braziller. 15 color plates, 942 black-and-white illustrations. 320 pp. $29.95.*

Mary Cassatt was not only a woman Impressionist, she was an American woman Impressionist. Her work has been documented scrupulously by Adelyn Breeskin, who has gathered and reproduced in her catalogue all those variants and repetitions which surround the success of an artist. This documentary fullness makes possible the discovery, by internally derived standards, of an artist's personal meaning and development. Cassatt's purpose and authority are indisputable as Mrs. Breeskin reveals them.

THE HOURS OF ETIENNE CHEVALIER: Miniatures by Jean Fouquet. *Introduction and Legends by Claude Schaefer. Preface by Charles Sterling. George Braziller. 47 hand-tipped color plates in four colors plus gold. 128 pp. Pre-Christmas $17.50; thereafter $20.*

The pages, now scattered, of the original Hours are here combined in a handsome volume dealing with a great illuminated manuscript at the threshold of the subversion of the form by Renaissance perspective. Fouquet holds an unforgettable balance between abstract space and the specifics of particular form.

GHIBERTI'S BRONZE DOORS. *By Richard Krautheimer. Princeton University Press. 156 illustrations. 18 pp. $7.50.*

Of all the kinds of art books, one of the most useful, but not most practiced, is that which considers a single work in depth. This study of the two doors of the Baptistery, Florence, is a spin-off from Krautheimer's earlier monograph on the artist, and defines admirably unique achievement of the early Renai sance.

GIACOMETTI DRAWINGS. *By Jam Lord. New York Graphic Society. color plates, 100 black-and-white illustr tions. 252 pp. Pre-Christmas $27.5 thereafter $30.*

Excellent reproductions of what are me the best work of Giacometti, his dra ings, in which the realistic basis of h art is seen at its least revised or a stracted. To see the forms of visu observation coming together in the concreteness is a stronger experience th their subsequent attenuation in the scul ture and painting.

GIORGIONE. *By Terisio Pignat Praeger Publishers. 355 illustrations, in color. 364 pp. $35.*

For an artist whose work, a generati or so ago, had been reduced to almo nothing, Giorgione can still support a b book. Pignatti attributes thirty-one p tures definitely to him, but takes in al the penumbra of works related by deriv tion or sensibility. The Giorgionesq innovation of personally invented su jects in easel painting is, I suppose, t single most convincing date for the ception of modern art.

HOGARTH: HIS LIFE, ART, AN TIMES. *By Ronald Paulson. 2 Vo Published for the Paul Mellon Cen for Studies in British Art (London). Y University Press. Vols. 1 and 2: 4 co plates, 314 black-and-white illustratio 1,115 pp. The set $40.*

The drawings, paintings and writings Hogarth, in that order, were studied af World War II, followed in 1962 by ambitious study by Frederick Antal: book, however, can no longer be co sidered the climax of the Hogarth

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val. Ronald Paulson (who published ogarth's engravings seven years ago) as taken this place with a magisterial air of volumes. In the form of traditional biography (chronology of a life ith digressions for achievements and roblems) he has found a form that uits perfectly his abundance of new and interpreted data. An essential book on 8th-century art.

DWARD HOPPER. *By Lloyd Goodch. Harry N. Abrams. 246 illustrations, 8 in full color. 308 pp. 1971, $42.50; ereafter $50.*

g as the book is, 16 inches wide, most the color plates are even bigger and lded in consequence. It is fundamenlly an exceptional picture book inasuch as Goodrich's brief text adds little his prior writings on the artist. Hower, the color plates are remarkable, btly controlled, rich in value; by comrison most color reproductions are e technicolor movies of the 1940s.

ASPER JOHNS: Prints 1960-1970. *By chard S. Field. Philadelphia Museum Art in Association with Praeger Pubhers. 190 illustrations, 14 in color. npaginated. $15.*

hns's prints are well described, with tails of the work and printing process at bring one close to the artist's fasious decision-making. Field includes detailed essay on two prints of the d-1960s that lead to Johns's insuffintly studied later iconography.

OY LICHTENSTEIN. *By Diane Waldn. Harry N. Abrams. 183 illustrations, hand-tipped plates in full color. 242 . $25.*

very handsome Pop book in which chtenstein's painting, done originally black outlines, flat color, and screens nulating Ben Day dots, are reproduced t tonally but flat and hard. By means a virtuoso display of multiple line ocks, the pictures have a clarity and e which are very lively.

ICHELANGELO'S DRAWINGS. *By ederick Hartt. Harry N. Abrams. 567 ustrations, 16 hand-tipped large plates full color. 404 pp. $20.*

traordinary compilation of the majority Michelangelo's drawings, set out ronologically, and including various awings that Hartt is in process of reiming for the artist's hand. The angement is easily consultable and the productions are splendid. Of all the g books for Christmas, this is inconstably a bargain, with rigorous text and eat illustrations.

THE DRAWINGS OF RODIN. *By Albert Elsen and J. Kirk T. Varnedoe. With Additional Contributions by Victoria Thorson and Elisabeth Chase Geissbuhler. Praeger Publishers. 148 black-and-white illustrations. 192 pp. $13.50.*

True Rodins are separated from false, his iconographical themes are recovered; a celebration of Rodin's draftsmanship emerges, despite the book's pedagogic form, which is like a graduate seminar.

MAN: Teaching Notes from the Bauhaus. *By Oskar Schlemmer. Edited by Heimo Kuchling. The M.I.T. Press. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 160 pp. $8.95.*

Until recently, details of the teaching program of the Bauhaus artists had not kept pace with studies of their art. The situation is changing now and a notable contribution is this book by Schlemmer, who taught life drawing for most of the 1920s, stage theory, and, in his last year, "Man," a required course for third-term students. It is a program for the universalizing of the human form by geometry, as if a robot were to enact Leonardo's man in a circle.

VICTOR VASARELY. *By Werner Spies. Harry N. Abrams, 202 illustrations, 74 plates in full color. 214 pp. 1971, $35; thereafter $40.*

Op art reproduces rather well and the indefatigable Vasarely is back with another book. It is for looking at rather than reading, packed with bright geometric patterns that produce an array of spatial kinks and folds, bulges and hollows on the page, all illusory.

VUILLARD. *By John Russell. New York Graphic Society. 18 color plates, 144 black-and-white illustrations. 240 pp. $12.50.*

Because of the growth of an educated but monolingual readership, recent books on art have made increasing use of translated original documents. John Russell's *Vuillard* is exemplary in its balance of an overview by the author and texts contemporaneous with the artist. Overshadowed by Bonnard, Vuillard emerges strongly as a realist of cluttered spaces and as a monumental decorative painter.

Groups and Periods

JEWELS OF THE PHARAOHS: Egyptian Jewelry of the Dynastic Period. *By Cyril Aldred. With Special Photography from the Cairo Museum by Albert Shoucair. Praeger Publishers. 149 illustrations, 99 in color, 35 drawings. 272 pp. $15.*

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This book is another testimony to how hard it is to efface the past, once determined research begins, despite the ripoffs of centuries. Egyptian jewelry combines an architectural clarity of structure with the sense of precious concentration proper to personal adornment. Beautifully illustrated with vulture and scarab pectorals and much else.

THE DECORATIVE THIRTIES. *By Martin Battersby. Walker & Co. Numerous color and black-and-white illustrations. 208 pp. $20.*

A sequel to the author's earlier book on the 1920s, it follows the ramifications of style up to World War II; it celebrates variety rather than proposes underlying principles, but maybe that is where the study of this bit of the recent past is at. Lively illustrations.

ICONS AND IMAGES OF THE SIXTIES. *By Nicolas Calas and Elena Calas. E.P. Dutton & Co. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 348 pp. $9.95. Paper $3.75.*

This is without doubt the Calases' best book, combining the aphoristic punch of Nicolas Calas' bon mots with an acute critical sense of the competitions and

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priorities of the 1960s. It is an admirable guidebook to the synchronic intricacy of a decade.

LATE ROMAN PAINTING: A Study of Pictorial Records 30 B.C.-A.D. 500. *By Wladimiro Dorigo. Praeger Publishers. 263 illustrations, 41 in color, 6 maps and diagrams. 470 pp. $35.*

The further we get from the classics the more we know about them, as research techniques exceed the traditional scale of humanistic scholarship. Here the scattered remains of Imperial Roman painting are brilliantly consolidated. The transformation of early naturalism into the schematic and symbolic forms of late classical art is shown with a wealth of interconnections. Many unfamiliar illustrations.

AMERICAN INDIAN ART. *By Norman Feder. Harry N. Abrams. 302 illustrations, 60 hand-tipped plates in full color. 448 pp. 1971, $30; thereafter $35.*

A survey of post-contact American Indian art spanning the country from Mexico to Canada. Short text and abundant illustrations define the tribal arts at points in time when past traditions have not yet been lost. Especially strong are the arts of the Pacific Northwest Coast.

FRESCOES FROM VENETIAN VILLAS. *By Mercedes Precerutti Garberi. Introduction by Antonio Morassi. Praeger Publishers. 370 illustrations, 40 in color, maps. 542 pp. $38.50.*

Beautiful picture book on the frescoes, great and small, in the villas behind Venice. Leo Spitzer once referred to the rococo "sense of the immediate accessibility to man of the enchanted garden of sensuous love." It is nowhere better illustrated than in these luminous pastorals for summer people.

AMERICAN STILL-LIFE PAINTING. *By William H. Gerdts and Russell Burke. Praeger Publishers. 248 illustrations, 28 in color. 288 pp. $25.*

Readable survey of the inventory of objects in American painting, with precise and unexpected information on such topics as Ruskin's influence on American still life. The authors continue the story up to Pop art but their scholarly zeal relaxes as they enter the present.

ART NEWS ANNUAL 37: Painterly Painting. *Edited by Thomas B. Hess and John Ashbery. The Macmillan Co. Numerous black-and-white and color illustrations. 162 pp. $12.*

Painterliness (sketchiness, paint put down freely, color at a maximum) provides a criterion of just the right permissiveness for appreciative essays on a number of things. Especially interesting are the articles on the earliest subject, Sheldon Nodelman on Roman Illusionism, and the latest, Carter Ratcliff on Lyrical Abstraction—absolutely the best piece on this new movement.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITES. *By Timothy Hilton. Harry N. Abrams. 157 illustrations, 21 in full color. 216 pp. $7.50.*

The PRB has been encrusted with anecdotes, retailed by hack writers, but here is a study by an art historian who treats the paintings as paintings and relates the group cogently to the rest of 19th-century art. Hilton's interpretation of their paintings should bring the brilliant artists of the group, among Britain's best, into the clear light of a post-Lytton Strachey world.

DREAMERS OF DECADENCE. *By Philippe Julian. Praeger Publishers. 256 illustrations, 16 in color. 272 pp. $12.50.*

Dedicated to Prof. Mario Praz, this book is an exploitive working over of the more lurid sources of *The Romantic Agony*. It includes an anthology of symbolist themes which begins: "Angels, Animality, Azure, Barbarians, Brughes, Byzantium," all hectically illustrated. It amounts to the cheap and cheerful side of the revival of 19th-century academic art at present in progress.

FUTURIST PERFORMANCE. *By Michael Kirby. With Manifestos and Playscripts from the Italian by Victoria Ness Kirby. E. P. Dutton & Co. Black-and-white illustrations. 336 pp. $8.95. Paper $3.95.*

Over the past twenty years Italian Futurist painting has been brought deservedly into the history of modern art, but, as Kirby makes clear, only on a partial basis. The literary work, plays, sketches and scenarios of the group, many of extraordinary originality, have been played down in fine-art-oriented studies. These are now translated and examined in an indispensable book.

CHANGING: Essays in Art Criticism. *By Lucy R. Lippard. E. P. Dutton & Co. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 320 pp. $8.95. Paper $2.45.*

Unambiguous essays written in the 1960s, mostly concerning the current scene, especially the art called Primary or Minimal. Essential for an understanding of the decade, sometimes as symptom, sometimes as canon, as in the articles on Sol Lewitt and Larry Poons.

THE BRANDYWINE HERITAGE Howard Pyle, N. C. Wyeth, Andrew Wyeth, James Wyeth. *Introduction by Richard McLanathan. New York Graphic Society. 18 color plates, 80 black-and-white illustrations. 120 pp. $14.50.*

Howard Pyle and N. C. Wyeth (father of Andrew, grandfather of James) combined the illustration of action stories with a bravura style formed in art school. All four artists are here (and some Pyle students), but it is the mixture of high style and low subject in the senior artists which is interesting, anticipating the pulp magazine covers of the 1930s which contributed, in turn, to the movies.

GREEK GEOMETRIC ART. *By Bernhard Schweitzer. Praeger Publishers. 23 photographs, 137 drawings. 366 pl $29.50.*

The first complete survey of the arts of the period from the tenth to the eighth centuries B.C., dealing with sculpture, architecture (scanty), and, especially, pottery. The formal description of artifacts is clear and illuminatingly bound into the larger outline of cultural development. A fascinating study.

THE GRANDES HEURES OF JEAN DUKE OF BERRY. *Introduction and Legends by Marcel Thomas. George Braziller. 116 plates in four colors plus gold. 192 pp. Pre-Christmas $35; thereafter $45.*

Same-size reproductions of the famous illuminated manuscript of the first decade of the 15th century. Around the stately progression of the text, floral borders by various artists luxuriate, occupied with creatural vitality by such beings as "a tousled hybrid holding a scimitar." The quotation is from the commentary which paces, but does not interrupt, the ravishing pages.

SERIES

FRANK STELLA. *By Robert Rosenblum. Penguin Books. Color and black-and-white illustrations. 62 pp. Paper $3.50.*

PATRICK CAULFIELD. *By Christopher Finch. Penguin Books. Color and black-and-white illustrations. 64 pp. Paper $4.50.*

ROBYN DENNY. By David Thompson. Penguin Books. Color and black-and-white illustrations. 64 pp. Paper $3.25.

CLAES OLDENBURG. *By Ellen H. Johnson. Penguin Books. Color and black-and-white illustrations. 64 pp. Paper $3.65. All Penguin New Art Series.*

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In the 1940s Penguin Books published, under the editorship of K. Clark, a series of monographs on English artists. Now under the editorship of Richard Morphet, a Penguin New Art Series has been launched and the differences between the two series are instructive. There are American as well as British artists (and authors) and where the early texts were essayistic art appreciation, the new ones are systematic and footnoted, a clear evidence of the adoption of art historical techniques for the study of modern art. Especially recommended: Ellen Johnson on Claes Oldenburg.

MY GALLERIES AND PAINTERS. *By Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler with Francis Crémieux. Translated by Helen Weaver. With an Introduction by John Russell. The Viking Press. 16 pp. of black-and-white photographs, several of them from Kahnweiler's personal files. 160 pp. $8.50. Paper $4.25.*

DIALOGUES WITH MARCEL DUCHAMP. *By Pierre Cabanne. Translated by Ron Padgett. With an editor's note by Robert Motherwell. Preface by Salvador Dali. The Viking Press. 16 pp. of photographs of Duchamp. 144 pp. $7.50. Paper $3.25.*

HENRY MOORE ON SCULPTURE. *Edited and with an Introduction by Philip James. The Viking Press. More than 130 black-and-white illustrations. 221 pp. Paper $5.95. All in the Documents of 20th-Century Art Series.*

Also in the 1940s, Robert Motherwell edited a series of basic texts, the Documents of Modern Art, mainly by artists, such as Kandinsky and Mondrian, but including Apollinaire's *Cubist Painters.* The series has been revived on an Olympian scale by Viking. Great works are announced, but not yet available, such as Apollinaire's *Essays and Reviews, 1902-1918, Arp on Arp, Poems, Essays, Memories, 1920-1965,* and Léger's *Functions of Painting,* but for some reason the series has started very slowly. There is a repetitive and self-serving memoir by a dealer, a recapitulation of old stories by Duchamp, and an overlong compilation of bland remarks by Henry Moore.

STUART DAVIS. *Edited by Diane Kelder. Praeger Publishers. 65 illustrations, 30 in color, 29 line cuts. 256 pp. $13.50.*

Each of the Documentary Monographs in Modern Art (editor, Paul Cummings) is to be devoted to one artist, documented by first-person and third-person commentary. The third volume, on Stuart Davis, suggests that the editorial program has firmed up after a tentative start: it is logically ordered and contains unfamiliar material, though omitting one item I would have thought relevant concerning Stuart Davis at the Supermarket on a *Fortune* commission.

THE COMPLETE PAINTINGS OF CANALETTO. *With an Introduction by David Bindman.* THE COMPLETE PAINTINGS OF GIORGIONE. *With an Introduction by Cecil Gould. Harry N. Abrams. Each volume contains more than 200 black-and-white illustrations, and about 64 pp. in full color. Approximately 116 pp. each. $5.95 each.*

It is rare for art books to condense information rather than to dilate it, so that the core is not embedded in the secondary refinements of book production. One series that is planned economically, however, is Classics of the World's Great Art: the format includes a critical history, 64 color plates, a biography in outline, and tiny reproductions of everything. It is equally useful for a straight cataloguing job (Canaletto) or for a problematic one (Giorgione): both the new books in the series are first rate.

Art and Psychoanalysis

GAUGUIN'S PARADISE LOST. *By Wayne Andersen. With the assistance of Barbara Klein. The Viking Press. 138 black-and-white illustrations. 371 pp. $12.50.*

An unexpected turn of events is the new interest of art historians in psychoanalysis. Andersen discussing Gauguin takes complexity of evidence a long way past the elegant arguments of Freud on Leonardo and Ernest Jones on Andrea del Sarto. His is a dense mix of biography, mythology, and art history, all supposedly intersecting in Gauguin's head. The text is melodramatically tense: one has the feeling of an identification of the writer with the artist, but it does little to define Gauguin.

THE SUBLIMATIONS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI: With a Translation of the Codex Trivulzianus. *By Raymond S. Stites. George Braziller. 325 illustrations. 432 pp. $14.95.*

Stites's study of Leonardo is very different, full of a tranquil confidence in art's nobility as well as in the unconscious mind. Both writers go into extended iconographical subtleties, but Stites's is a piecing together of many reflections rather than an expressionistic outburst. His book includes a translation of the *Codex Trivulzianus* which contains free association word lists by Leonardo. Sample: "abyss or ruin, she who tears asunder, most swift, navigation, admiring or to be admired, swiftness, speed, to interrogate, inducement, molestation," etc.

Art and Industrialization

ART AND TECHNOLOGY: A Report on the Art and Technology Program of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, 1967-1971. *By Maurice Tuchman. The Viking Press. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 387 pp. $12.50.*

EYEWITNESS TO SPACE. *Text by Hereward Lester Cooke, with the Collaboration of James D. Dean. Foreword by J. Carter Brown. Preface by Thomas O. Paine. Harry N. Abrams. 258 illustrations, 113 in full color. 241 pp. 1971, $30; thereafter $35.*

FANTASTIC ARCHITECTURE. *By Wolf Vostell and Dick Higgins. Something Else Press. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. Unpaginated. $6.95.*

Art and Technology is a massive report on the negotiations between the Los Angeles County Museum, representatives of industry, and artists, which culminated in a big exhibit this year. It consists of the artists' projects and the corporate responses, relayed by documents and a di-

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Clive Barnes, N.Y. Times

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aristic account by the museum staff. Fascinating piecemeal information can be found but an overall focus is lacking. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration invited artists to witness the takeoff of Apollo 11. Included were Peter Hurd and Robert Rauschenberg, Wyeth, Jr., and the real Norman Rockwell. The result, published as *Eyewitness to Space*, is a shower of skillful pictures, in a style-range pretty much like the drawings for a company report. The obstinate fact is that all the image-making functions (as well as the significant documentary recording) was done by photography. In opposition to corporate contacts and government sponsorship is *Fantastic Architecture* by Wolf Vostell and Dick Higgins. It plays with fantasies of large-scale operations of the kind actually achieved in the other projects. Oldenburg's monuments are its best things, but there is a diverting inventory of autonomous urbanism in slogan and picture form, from a mixed bag of anti-Establishment artists.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

The Joseph Papp New York Shakespeare Festival's production of a musical by John Guare and Mel Shapiro with music by Galt MacDermot based on Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona* has moved from Central Park to the St. James Theatre. Except for the ticket tariff and the nature of the audience, the transfer hasn't damaged the show at all. There may be some improvement. The event is a deserved success: it is capital fun, a delightfully youthful gambol.

When I saw it in the park, I caught very little of what was said; it made Shakespeare seem a slouch. In fact, it made Shakespeare unnecessary; the antics were sufficient. At the St. James, the text is audible and, for all its anachronisms and rumble-tumble improvisation, is actually true to the spirit of the original. What the Bard did was treat gaily a theme he so often treated tragically: "by love the young and tender wit is turned to folly." The play was always a romp —carefree, airy, charmingly ironic—and so it is again in this eminently New York transfiguration.

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The mixed cast—white, black, brown, yellow—works joyously as a unit. All are part of the same big-city bag. Ming Cho Lee's setting of elevated platforms, steps, ladders, crisscrossed in all directions like a toy skyscraper in the process of construction, behind which one sees the profile of Italian suburbia, is peopled with personages attired in clothes of all descriptions and historical periods, including the nearly contemporary, which makes them altogether contemporary. The acting has the madcap abandon of block-party invention. The air is full of the fumes of our time and place, while remaining fresh. Would that we could say the same of our streets!

Because all this is made to seem effortless (even the boundless energy of Jonelle Allen's agitated cavortings), it has not been noticed that the attributes of what pundits call "new theatre" are employed here to happily unpretentious effect. Instead of being laboriously hysterical, *Two Gentlemen* is altogether vitalizing. Young folk today frequently speak of love, of freedom, of unhampered spirit, but what we are too often confronted with is resentful guying, clowning without pleasure. The kids in this "Verona" love *lovingly*. Shakespeare did it in his constantly bubbling, sweet-scented, ever vigorous verse; the Guare-Shapiro adaptation does it in horseplay redeemed of coarseness by candid cordiality.

Jonelle Allen's goblin personality and live-wire exuberance are sensational, but the entire cast is to be applauded. Raul Julia's dry humor and sly nonchalance as Proteus, Clifton Davis' good looks and voice as Valentine, Diana Davilla's doll-like bewilderment and awkwardness in speech and movement that give her Julia a strange attractiveness—all contribute to the happiness of the occasion. José Perez as Speed, Norman Matlock as the Duke of Milan and Phineas as Crab, the dog, were among my other "favorites" in this most welcome festivity.

The Sty of the Blind Pig by Philip Hayes Dean (Negro Ensemble Company; St. Marks Theatre, 133 Second Avenue) is more meritorious and more striking in its parts than as a whole. The opposite is true of its acting.

Mr. Dean's writing has sinew and humor. He knows his people. When the doughty and crabbed widow (or abandoned wife) Weedy, or her restive and suppressed (probably illegitimate) daughter Alberta, or Doc, Weedy's gambling brother speaks, one hears an authentic voice, the sound of suffering, of muffled yearning, the distorted hope and bitterly comic resignation of the Chicago slums. It is honest realism with the kind of clearsighted, compassionate observation that is one of the chief contributions the black theatre has to offer our stage. We suffer a loss nowadays in the tendency to carry abstraction so far that our sights seem directed to charts rather than to substances; it is like being nourished on pills.

A symbolic element in the play dilutes its total impact. Into Weedy's seedy tenement apartment there comes a blind beggar from the Deep South, looking for a woman he never finds. It seems he wants to wreak vengeance on her for a never disclosed injury. The man, Blind Jordan, is regarded with a suspicion close to fear. Everything about him is ambiguous and somehow menacing. Weedy tries to get rid of him, but Alberta, worn out by her work and sexually repressed, dominated too by her mother's strong will and the airless confinement of the neighborhood, gains temporary release from her condition by yielding her body to the mysterious stranger. Jordan, driven from the house in which he had no intention of staying permanently, leaves Alberta more helplessly stuck than ever in the rut of her dismal life.

Who is the sightless intruder? We learn at last that he was born blind of a blind father and of a long line of similarly afflicted men who from birth inhabited a "blind pig" which, the playbill informs us, "*was* a house of ill repute, where women, whiskey and food were sold." "Was," be it noted, because the play is set in the 1950s, "just before the beginning of the civil rights movement." Blind Jordan says that he and all his forebears were victims of violence and themselves killers. He represents the endemic wrath, the inexorable homicide bred in the dregs of the benighted Southland. Thus Jordan's savagery provides a momentary escape for such a person as Alberta, but finally leaves her more stranded and hopeless than ever. With the rise of the civil rights movement the Albertas of the future may have a better chance at a decent life than through the saturnine powers of such as Jordan.

The idea as such is pregnant, but its semi-stylized projection clashes with the earthy simplicity of the rest. Either Jordan should have been made more convincing as a *person* or the play should have been staged in a manner which markedly differentiated between its real and its symbolic elements. Though the fusion struck me as imperfect and debilitating to a unified impression, the play nevertheless possesses considerable quality.

Moses Gunn as Blind Jordan is impressive. His voice and physique, the strong note of sincerity he always brings to his performances, help sustain a suspense which, for the reason I have adduced, becomes by the end more

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POACHING

The wood foreshadows her own fate.
Another snow surely pursues
This bronze snow of tamarack;
Tomorrow, ice replaces
The bough sprinkles in my hair,
And the winter will hunt me.
I set my snares
Onto the spruce,
And in the softness
Of beaten moss
The rabbits strangle.
(The jays ravish their carcasses,
I shoot the jays.
They scream when I walk unarmed.)

Edward Harbin

uzzling than illuminating. I am not ure that Clarice Taylor as Weedy or rances Foster as Alberta are right as types": Taylor is almost too frail and ngaging for the commanding matriarch, Frances Foster too forceful for the ainthearted girl, but both overcome eir drawbacks by understanding the ore of their parts and the sense of the lay. Adolph Caesar as Weedy's hapless rother—unemployed, accommodating, olish and always betrayed—is excellent.

El Hajj Malik—The Dramatic ife and Death of Malcolm X is a theatrical collage by N. R. Davidson, Jr., ased on the extraordinary destiny of the eroically tragic figure of the title (Marnique Theatre, 49 West 32 Street).

There are pantomimically abbreviated pisodes of Malcolm's life: scenes of is father's murder by the K.K.K., of is mother's humiliation by welfare inestigators, scenes from his Harlem scapades, his imprisonment and his nal emancipation as a leader, to the ioment of his assassination. Many of ie "tableaux" are accompanied by or omposed of direct quotes from Malolm's autobiography, with additions rom the author's gnomic verse and ortatory prose. There are music, dancng and acting in which Malcolm's avaars are enacted by various members of ie cast, male and female, who also lternate in other of the play's parts. he result is a group expression, almost rite. It is always interesting, sometmes exhilarating, occasionally funny, nd at the end disturbing.

The most successful scenes are those iggesting life in Harlem. The segment this sequence which satirizes the lack entertainer is especially effective. le is mocked because he is today the mblem of Negro toadying to the beiddled white man's comforting image f the black man as a blessed fool, compact with rhythm, song and carefree laughter. We have often been told to view the black entertainer's "act" as a disguise for his contempt of the role the white man has imposed on him. But what struck me in this episode was that the black people in the audience, as well as the white, responded to the scene with rapturous recognition, not simply on account of its satirical bite but because it is actually an expression of what was and is creatively valuable in such entertainment: its irrepressible energy, its joy in play, its full-blooded affirmation of the ecstacy of living. This scene and others with almost equally sharp comic verve filled the house with unanimously delighted approval.

But it would be less than honest or critically intelligent to be content with the successful show-biz aspects of the event. Indeed it would not even be respectful of the author and the company. For the evening concludes with what used to be called "agit-prop" harangues on the subject of black nationalism. To neglect the import of this coda to the evening's pageant, to pass it over with a casual nod of acquiescence or dignified acceptance, is to castrate it.

Much in the closing section of *El Hajj Malik* is a celebration through quotation of Malcolm's eloquent speeches. We hear him denounce the black man's fate in America with the passion proper to the subject. He speaks of his early devotion to the Black Muslim leader and of his defection from that movement because he began to suspect the leader of a self-centered will to power, and later because after his visit to Mecca, Malcolm realized that human brotherhood could be achieved beyond the separation of race and color. He did not want, Malcolm emphasizes, his change of heart in this respect to earn the white man's approbation and thus be used as an argument against his fundamental mission to liberate the blacks from their abject condition.

So far, very good. But then we hear a zealous roar of slogans which are of dubious value and veracity. A revolution on behalf of black nationalism is called for, a bloody revolution. "Revolution does not sing, it swings." Blood, blood, blood, we hear time and again. Coming after what has preceded, the effect is unconvincing, confusing, wrong.

I am not conversant with the politics and ideologies of the various trends which the shameful race situation in the United States has called forth. But amid the hue and cry which closes this dramatic life of Malcolm X, questions arise that disturb my sense of participation in the play.

Who is responsible for Malcolm X's assassination? No answer is forthcoming. It may have been a police plot abetted by a white conspiracy of some kind. In Malcolm X's autobiography, a stirring book which left me with veneration for the man, it is suggested that the murder was committed by henchmen of his former master. I venture no opinion, but the book didn't lead me to believe that Malcolm's message was blood, blood, blood.

Revolutions do indeed shed blood, but this play manages to overlook the fact that *counter*-revolutions shed much more. It may seem trivial to remark—but I cite it simply as an example of what I am objecting to here—that in the hot lava of the play's final outcry, "We shall overcome" is denigrated as a symbol of softness by contrast with the sanguinary resolve demanded by revolution. It should be pointed out that, contrary to what the sloganeers scream, *every* revolution sings. *La Marseillaise,* now a national anthem, was not originally a lullaby.

I am ready to listen respectfully to every appeal and argument, no matter how personally dismaying, but I am alienated when calls to arms, to terror and bloodshed are hurled at me in doses of hasty shibboleth rung from premises not truly established by what has been set forth in the name of a great man.

El Hajj Malik is a presentation of "the Afro-American Studio for Acting and Speech which is dedicated to providing quality theatre training and pro-

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duction within the Harlem Community. All members of the *El Hajj Malik* company are members of the Studio's advanced theatre workshops." More power to them. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

It has been a long time since the Metropolitan Opera has offered stage designs of such beauty and relevance to the purpose at hand as those of Gunther Schneider-Siemssen for Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*. The entire production concept, presumably evolved in collaboration with producer August Everding, bespeaks the highest intentions. Wagner's controlling symbolism in the work is the opposition of Day and Night, and the new Met production, like that last summer at Covent Garden, attempts to carry this out in design and lighting in more than a literal sense: thus when, after drinking the potion in Act I, the lovers believe death (Night) to be within their reach, they are swallowed in darkness as they acknowledge their love. Similarly, upon Tristan's arrival in the second act, the twilight of Isolde's vigil gives way to a striking series of projections and, after the discussion of the cruelty of Day (most of it regrettably omitted in the Met version), their full submission to the passion of Night is symbolized by their elevation (physically, through the stage machinery) onto what looks like the rim of the earth.

At the end of the love duet, the restoration of the original set is smoothly accomplished, and a luminous dawn lights that set even more lushly than before, thus avoiding the visual anticlimax that usually accompanies the arrival of King Marke. All this is superbly attuned to the musical as well as the verbal articulations of Wagner's score, and at the same time conceived with a sure sense of theatrical practicality; one is never conscious of the shifting gears of either the machinery or the concept (unlike the previous Met production, a precious "symbolic" affair that did not afford even enough space for the chorus to move about in the first act).

In the third act, things do not work out as convincingly—a fine glaring sun in the middle of the inverted hemisphere of sky is a good image for Tristan's delirium, but it dims at just the point when Tristan exults in it ("O dieser Sonne!") and remains lit even when he has passed into the realm of Night. The problem here is that, for once, Tristan and Isolde are not together: he is dead but she still lives. For her "Love-Death" the sun is finally extinguished, and the "ascension" machinery is again brought into operation, but the consistency of the imagery has been broken. Again, a large cut in Tristan's delirium may have complicated matters; had he been given more time to work in, Schneider-Siemssen might have done something here to clarify the symbolism.

Nevertheless, this is a production to see; if Covent Garden managed a more detailed treatment of the imagery, the fussiness of the settings there (and the thoroughly inappropriate costumes) vitiated its impact. Even in such a relatively minor detail as the torch that warns Tristan, Everding and Schneider-Siemssen scored by using a real flame—I've never seen an electric imitation that suggested the dangerous vitality of Day. Totally absent in the New York production, however, was the suggestion of physical passion that imbued the first two encounters of the lovers: Peter Hall's back-to-back "confrontation" after they had drunk the potion, fingers interlaced and writhing, was an inspired device for conveying intense feeling without suffering the grotesqueries of large-bodied singers in embrace. With Everding, the passion was all in the music—or should have been.

At times, especially the beginning of the second act, it was, and the musical performance came close to the level of the visual one, but the vocal imbalance between Birgit Nilsson and Jess Thomas weakened the impact of their scenes together; furthermore, the soprano is more inclined to "pour on" her volume at the larger Met house than in Covent Garden (the climax of the *Liebestod* produced a very loud, but spread and ugly sound). Thomas, on the other hand, seemed to tire more easily than in London, although the cuts in the local version are nearly all to his benefit. Under Leinsdorf, the orchestra played well, but some of the tempos seemed hectic—one felt that midnight deadline in the air (if a Met performance runs beyond twelve, the orchestra gets overtime for the entire evening!). John Macurdy, the Marke, was especially disadvantaged by the rush; the other principals, Mignon Dunn (Brangäne) and Thomas Stewart (Kurvenal), were impressive.

Is it only Wagner who can still summon up the kind of commitment needed to bring about an operatic production of such genuine aspiration (if not always accomplishment)? The other comparable evenings one recalls at the Met in recent years were Karajan's *Ring* opera and the posthumous Wieland Wagner staging of *Lohengrin*, flawed as these were. On some other occasions, a good conductor has achieved results despite the visual routine and high-fashion stage furnishings of the Italian repertory, but mostly we suffer gross misconception and frivolities. It's not enough to have an *idea* about a work; the idea must be *about* the work, growing organically out of an understanding of its musical drama. This *Tristan* embodies such a valid idea.

I have left myself too little space to relate another major musical event—but, unlike the *Tristan*, it was one not available for repeated hearings: the New York première of Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron*, in concert form, by the Chicago Symphony under Georg Solti, with Hans Hotter, Richard Lewis, and a remarkable chorus prepared by Margaret Hillis. The English translation (by David Rudkin) struck me as less considerate of certain sonic values in the composer's German original than is the Allen Forte version published in the score, and I have no doubt that Hotter, one of the great singing actors of our time, would have made an even greater effect in his native language, but the advantages of direct communication were palpable. The accuracy of orchestral playing and chorus singing was something to marvel at, and the ovation at the end left no question that this opera can reach an audience. One mystery remained: why the several niggling abridgments in the *Dance Around the Golden Calf*? □

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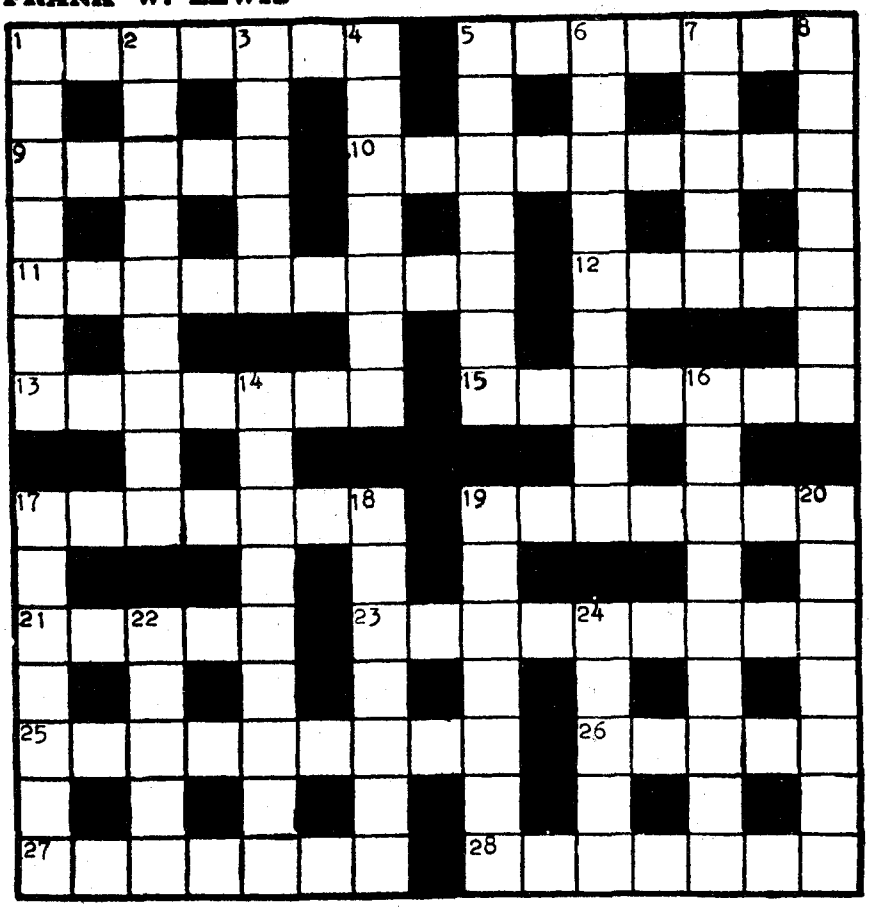
Crossword Puzzle No. 1421

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 It's safe to arrange such parties, evidently. (7)
5 See 21 across
9 and 10 Certainly no complaint with the bats! (5,9)
11 Colon at one end of it, though it's not the alimentary region. (5,4)
12 Its holdings might include works of art, possibly responsible for a broken lease. (5)
13 See 18 down
15 Burdens one perhaps, but such ores are not desirable as an acquisition of stock. (7)
17 But they have a long way to go before becoming flag officers! (7)
19 Old widows should be out of their environment. (7)
21 and 5 across Quadrans? (5,7)
23 Nowadays it's lit up with live tubes, possibly. (9)
25 Implying the last of the wine is indicated beforehand? (9)
26 See 6 down
27 With part of them bass, you need diplomatic types there. (7)
28 Left out of 25, to find me back instead, and freed from faults. (7)

DOWN

1 Was the sentence reduced for smoking? (4-3)
2 Gives rise to an outgrowth with green ends. (9)
3 and 17 down The whole surface of a body is obscured by it. (5,7)
4 What a destroyer might hope to spot on the attack, though it's not surface dirt. (7)
5 Cases of toxophilites might give one shakes. (7)
6 and 26 across Art dealer, and so unusual as a painter! (6,3,5)
7 Between 12 and 20 where one drives from has its points. (5)
8 Takes part in an illegal stock acquisition, but no big racket is implied! (7)
14 Arranges by artful contrivance, though they might be civil types. (9)
16 Sort of queer, and clad in tatters around it, but with a slick-looking coat. (9)
17 See 3 down
18 and 13 across The stumbling student might be, implying the round end might prevent further damage. (5,2.3,4)
19 What is left to live around you, by the sound of it. (7)
20 Wild rides to the compound should have specific physiological action. (7)
22 Beat the proper ingredients into broth. (5)
24 Taken by many a periodical reader—particularly the argumentative type. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1420

ACROSS: 1 Soothsayer; 6 and 3 down Longhorn; 10 Lateran; 11 Tristan; 12 Elam; 13 Disclaimer; 15 Putters; 16 Decimal; 17 Assault; 20 Agassiz; 22 Alligators; 23 Mint; 25 Oceania; 26 Allegro; 27 Yeti; 28 Debentures. DOWN: 1 Self-explanatory; 2 Outlast; 4 Agnails; 5 Enticed; 7 Optimum; 8 Generalizations; 9 Financial; 14 Resurgent; 18 Salient; 19 Titrate; 20 Acreage; 21 Stinger; 24 Flat.

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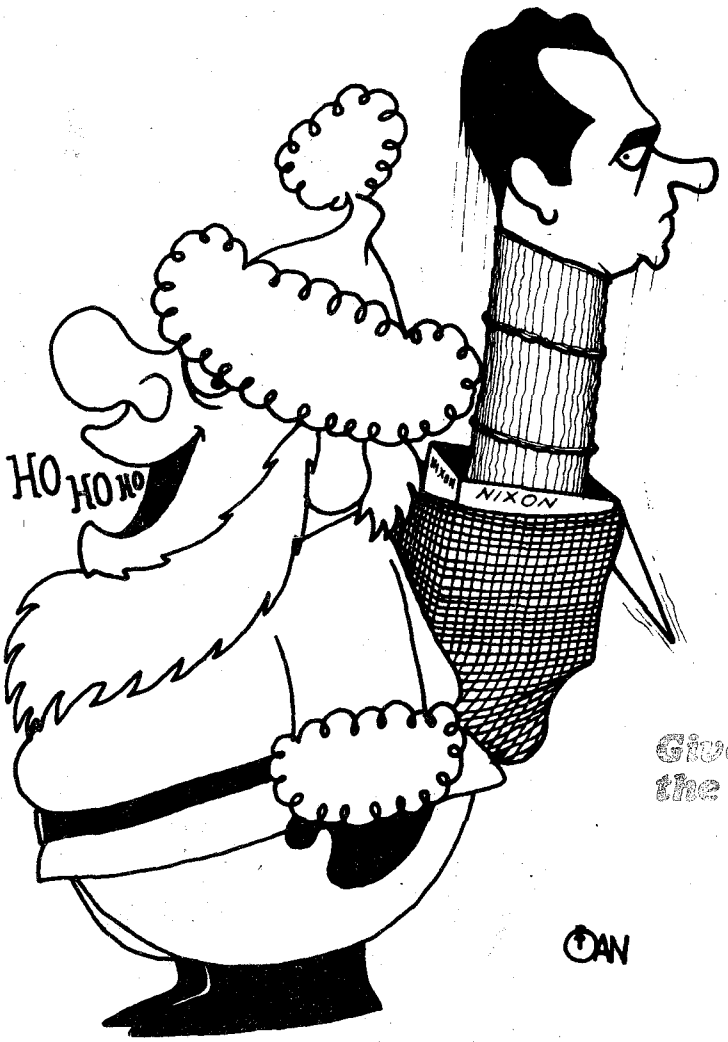

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